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## THE TREATMENT OF PRISONERS DURING THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

[Compiled by the Secretary of the Southern Historical Society.]

We stated in our last issue that we should resume this subject in this number. But instead of finishing at this point the discussion of the *Exchange* question, we will first dispose of

### THE TREATMENT OF CONFEDERATE PRISONERS BY THE FEDERAL AUTHORITIES.

The *ex parte* reports of the Federal Congress, the reports of the United States officials, the reports of the Sanitary Commission, various books that partisan writers at the North have published, and the Radical press generally, have represented that while the Confederate authorities deliberately, wilfully, and persistently, starved, tortured, and murdered Union prisoners, the Federal authorities always treated their captives in the most considerate and humane manner. Indeed the impression sought to be made is that Confederates fared so much better in Federal prisons than they did in the Confederate army, that their capture was really a blessing to them—that they came to prison emaciated skeletons, and were sent back (except those who “died of diseases they brought with them”) sleek, hale, healthy men.

We might quote largely on this point from the writings alluded to, but we will only give an extract from the speech of Hon. James G. Blaine, uttered deliberately on the floor of the United States House of Representatives *eleven years after the close of the war*:

“Now I undertake here to say that there is not a Confederate soldier now living who has any credit as a man in his community, and who ever was a prisoner in the hands of the Union forces, who will say that he ever was cruelly treated; that he ever was deprived of the same rations that the Union soldiers had—the same food and the same clothing.

"Mr. COOK. Thousands of them say it—thousands of them; men of as high character as any in this House.

"Mr. BLAINE. I take issue upon that. There is not one who can substantiate it—not one. As for measures of retaliation, although goaded by this terrific treatment of our friends imprisoned by Mr. Davis, the Congress of the United States specifically refused to pass a resolution of retaliation, as contrary to modern civilization and the first precepts of Christianity. And there was no retaliation attempted or justified. It was refused; and Mr. Davis knew it was refused just as well as I knew it or any other man, because what took place in Washington or what took place in Richmond was known on either side of the line within a day or two thereafter."

Now we propose to meet this issue—and if we do not show by witnesses, of the most unimpeachable character, that Confederate prisoners *were* "cruelly treated"—that they *were* deprived of the same rations that the Union soldiers had—the same food and the same clothing"—if we do not show that the Federal authorities were themselves guilty of the crimes they charged against us, then we are willing to stand before the bar of history convicted of inability to judge of the weight of evidence.

And here again our work of compilation is rendered difficult only by the *mass* of material at hand. We have enough to make several large volumes—we can only cull here and there a statement.

Mr. Henry Clay Dean, of Iowa, who says in his introduction, "*I am a Democrat; a devoted friend of the Constitution of the United States; a sincere lover of the Government and the Union of the States*"—published in 1868 a book of 512 pages, entitled "*Crimes of the Civil War*," which we respectfully commend to the perusal of those who believe that the Federal Government conducted the war on the principles of "modern civilization and the precepts of Christianity."

We will extract only one chapter (pp. 120-141), and will simply preface it with the remark, that though some of the language used is severer than our taste would approve, the narrative bears the impress of truth on its face, and can be abundantly substantiated by other testimony:

#### NARRATIVE OF HENRY CLAY DEAN.

In the town of Palmyra, Missouri, John McNeil had his headquarters as colonel of a Missouri regiment and commander of the post.

An officious person who had acted as a spy and common informer, named Andrew Allsman, who was engaged in the detestable business

of having his neighbors arrested upon charges of disloyalty, and securing the scoutings and ravages from every house that was not summarily burned to the earth. This had so long been his vocation that he was universally loathed by people of every shade of opinion, and soon brought upon himself the fate common to all such persons in every country, where the spirit of self-defence is an element of human nature. In his search for victims for the prison which was kept at Palmyra, this man was missed; nobody knew when, or where, or how; whether drowned in the river, absconding from the army, or killed by Federal soldiers or concealed Confederates.

His failure to return was made the pretext for a series of the most horrible crimes ever recorded in any country, civilized or barbarous.

John McNeil is a Nova Scotian by birth, the descendant of the expelled tories of the American Revolution, who took sides against the colonists in the rebellion against Great Britain. He is by trade a hatter, who made some money in the Mexican war. He had lived in Saint Louis for many years, simply distinguished for his activity in grog-shop politics. He was soon in the market on the outbreak of the war, and received a colonel's commission. Without courage, military knowledge, or experience, he entered the army for the purpose of murder and robbery.

As the tool of McNeil, W. H. Strachan acted in the capacity of provost marshal general, whose enormities exceed anything in the wicked annals of human depravity.

At the instigation of McNeil, the provost marshal went to the prison, filled with quiet, inoffensive farmers, and selected ten men of age and respectability; among the rest an old Judge of Knox county, all of whom had helpless families at home, in destitution and unprotected.

These names, which should be remembered as among the victims of the reign of the Monster of the Christian era, were as follows:

William Baker, Thomas Huston, Morgan Bixler, John Y. McPheeters of Lewis, Herbert Hudson, John M. Wade, Marion Lavi of Ralls, Captain Thomas A. Snyder of Monroe, Eleazer Lake of Scotland, and Hiram Smith of Knox county, were sentenced to be shot without trial or any of the forms of military law, by a military commander whose grade could not have given ratification to a court-martial, had one been held; had the parties been charged with crime, which they were not.

Mr. Humphreys, also in prison, was to have been shot instead of one of those named above, but which one the author has not the means of knowing. The change in the persons transpired in this way:

Early on the morning of the execution, Mrs. Mary Humphreys came to see her husband before his death, to intercede for his release. She first went to see McNeil, who frowned, stormed, and let loose a volley of such horrible oaths at her for daring to plead for her husband's life that she fled away through fear, and when

she closed the door, the unnameable fiend cursed her with blasphemous assurances that her husband should be dispatched to hell at one o'clock. The poor affrighted woman, with bleeding heart, hastened to the provost marshal's office, and quite fainted away as she besought him to intercede with McNeil for the preservation of her husband's life. With a savage, taunting grin, Strachan said "that may be done, madam, by getting me three hundred dollars." This she did through the kindness of two gentlemen, who advanced the money at once.

She returned with the money and paid it to Strachan. Mrs. Humphreys had her little daughter by her side, when she sank into her seat with exhaustion. Scarcely had she taken her place, until Strachan told her that she had still to do something else to secure her husband's release. At this moment he thrust the little girl out of the door and threatened the fainting woman with the execution of her husband. She fell as a lifeless corpse to the floor. After he had filled his pockets with money and satiated his lust, the provost marshal released poor Humphreys. Another innocent victim was taken in his place to cover up the hideous crime. The newspapers were commanded to publish the falsehood that some one had volunteered to die in his stead. The additional murdered man was a sacrifice to the venality, murder and rape of the provost marshal. The victim was an unobtrusive young man, caught up and dragged off as a wild beast to the slaughter, without any further notice than was necessary to prepare to walk from the jail to the scene of murder.

The other eleven were notified of their contemplated murder some eighteen hours before the appointed moment of the tragedy. Rev. James S. Green, of the city of Palmyra, remained with them through the night.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock the next day, three Government wagons drove to the jail with ten rough boxes, upon which the ten martyrs to brutal demonism were seated.

This appalling spectacle was made more frightful by the rough jeering of the mercenaries who guarded the victims to the place of butchery. The jolting wagons were driven through street after street, which was abandoned by every human being; women fainting at the awful spectacle, clasping their children more closely to their bosoms, as the murderers, with blood pictured in their countenances, were screaming in hoarse tones the word of command.

The company of stranger adventurers, mercenaries, and the vilest resident population, formed a circle at the scene, in imitation of the Roman slaughter in the time of Nero, Caligula and Commodus, to feast their sensual eyes on blood and amuse themselves with the piteous shrieks of the dying men. This infernal saturnalia commenced with music. Everything was done which might harrow the feelings and torture the soul. The rough coffins were placed before them in such manner as to excite horror; the grave opened its yawning mouth to terrify them; but they stood unmoved amid



the frenzied, murderous mob. Captain Snyder was dressed in beautiful black, with white vest; magnificent head covered with rich wavy locks that fell around his broad shoulders like the mane of a lion. When the mercenaries were preparing to consummate this horrible crime, they at last seemed conscious of the character and the magnitude of this awful work, grew pale and trembled: even the brutal Strachan seemed alarmed at his own nameless and compounded crimes of lust, avarice and murder. Rev. Mr. Rhodes, a meek and unobtrusive minister of the Baptist Church, prayed with the dying men, and Strachan reached out his bloody hands to bid them adieu. They generously forgave their murderers.

To lengthen out the cruel tragedy, the guns were fired at different times that death might be dealt out in broken periods. Two of the men were killed outright. Captain Snyder sprang to his feet, faced the soldiers, pierced their cowardly faces with his unbandaged eagle eye, and fell forward to rise no more.

The other seven were wounded, mangled and butchered in detail, with pistols; whilst the ear was rent with their piteous groans, praying to find refuge in death. The whole butchery occupied some fifteen minutes.

The country was appalled at the recital of these crimes and incredulous of the facts.

The newspapers were suppressed to prevent their publication, and the exposure of the perpetrators. The punishment of the criminals was demanded by public justice and expected by everybody except the criminals, who well understood the cruelty [and corruption of the Executive Department.

To cover up these crimes by a judicial farce, nearly two years afterwards charges were preferred against Strachan; he was convicted upon the foregoing state of facts, and sentence passed upon him. The sentence was remitted and Strachan promoted.

For this crime McNeil was promoted by Lincoln to Brigadier-General and kept in office. In all of the history of European wars, Asiatic butcheries, Indian cruelties, and negro atrocities, there can be found no parallel instance in which the murder of men without any of the forms of trial, was accompanied with the rape of the wives of those designated by the lottery of death as the price of the husband's liberty. There was nothing left undone to make the whole scene cruel, loathsome, and revolting.

This outrage unpunished, gave license for crime, cruelty, outrage and disorder everywhere. It would require the pen of every writer, the paper of every manufacturer, for a year, to recount them; the human imagination sickens in contemplation of them.

In the next year after the McNeil butchery, in the neighboring city of Hannibal, occurred a similar crime, equally monstrous in its details.

J. T. K. Heyward commanded a body of enrolled brigands in Marion county, known as the railroad brigade, who foraged upon the people and plundered the country.

Hugh B. Bloom, a drunken soldier of the Federal army, returning to his regiment, muttered some offensive words in the presence of Heyward's men. Bloom was immediately dragged from the steamboat upon which he was traveling and carried before Heyward.

Heyward improvised a military court, tried the drunken man, and condemned him to immediate death.

Whilst the poor wretch was unconscious of his condition, disqualified for self-defence, and unable to understand the fearful nature of his peril, he was hurried off to the most public place on the river side; the people of the town, trembling with fear, were compelled to witness the horrid scene.

The worst was yet to come. Old and respectable citizens, because known for their quiet demeanor and hatred of violence, were dragged down to witness the horrid spectacle. Twelve of these gentlemen were presented with muskets, and commanded to fire at the trembling inebriate sitting upon his coffin.

To enforce this fiendish order to make private gentlemen commit public murder, Heyward's brigands were placed immediately behind the squad of private citizens and commanded to fire upon the first who hesitated to fire at Bloom. As the shuddering man sank down beneath the terrible volley of musketry, Heyward turned upon the people and warned them of their impending fate in the murder of this man.

The spectacle was revolting in itself. It was terrible in view of the fact, that these militia were unauthorized by law for any such purpose; that the execution was without the shadow of law, that the victim was a Union soldier, who had committed no offence; that the men who were forced to do this horrid work were unwilling to commit the crime, and protested against being made the instruments of such bloody horror. But how ineffably shocking that the perpetrator, Heyward, should be a member of a Christian church, and assume the office of Sabbath-school teacher; that little children should look upon the horrible visage of the murderous wretch as their instructor.

This Heyward, secluded from the inquiring world, overawing and corrupting the press of his own neighborhood, was the most satanic of all the local tyrants of Missouri.

At one time he gathered all of the old and respectable citizens of Hannibal, including such highly cultivated gentlemen of spotless escutcheon as Hon. A. W. Lamb, into a dilapidated, falling house, and placed powder under it to blow it to atoms, in case Hannibal should be visited by rebels.

In Monroe county, two farmers were arrested by the provost marshal's guard, taken a short distance from home, shot down and thrown into the field with the swine.

On the next day the recognized fragments of the bodies were gathered up by the neighbors and carried to their respective houses, and prepared for interment.

The citizens were so respectable, the murder so brutal, the outrage

so revolting, that people gathered from a long distance around to bury in decency the remains of those who had been so shockingly destroyed.

When the funeral procession had been formed, the provost marshal sent his guard to disperse them; declaring that no person opposed to the war should have public burial.

The heart-broken families had to go unattended to the grave of their respective dead; each one dreading the danger that beset the highway upon their return home; and feeling even more in danger from marauders in the secret chambers of their own domicile.

During this drunken reign of horrors, innocent people were shot down upon their door sills, called into their gardens upon pretended business, butchered and left lying, that their families might not know their whereabouts until their bodies were decomposed. Women were ravished, houses burned, plantations laid waste.

Judge Richardson was shot whilst in the courthouse in which he presided, in Scotland county. Rev. Wm. Headlee, a minister of the gospel, was shot upon the highway; and all of these murderers, robbers and incendiaries, are yet a large.

Dr. Glasscock, a physician, was dragged from his own house by soldiers, under pretence of taking him to court as a witness, against the earnest prayers of his children and slaves, was shot, mangled, disfigured and mutilated, then brought to his own yard and thrown down like a dead animal.

To prevent punishment by law, these criminals repealed the laws against their crimes; and provided in the constitution that crime should go unpunished if committed by themselves.

To make themselves secure in their crime and to give immunity from punishment, they disfranchised the masses of the people; and in the city of Saint Louis the criminal vote elected the criminal McNeil as the sheriff of the county of Saint Louis—the tool of the weakest and most malignant tyrants.

#### MILROY'S ORDER.

SAINT GEORGE, TUCKER Co., VA., November 28th, 1862.

MR. ADAM HARPER:

Sir—In consequence of certain robberies which have been committed on Union citizens of this county by bands of guerrillas, you are hereby assessed to the amount (\$285.00) two hundred and eighty-five dollars, to make good their losses; and upon your failure to comply with the above assessment by the 8th day of December, the following order has been issued to me by Brigadier-General R. H. Milroy:

You are to burn their houses, seize all their property and shoot them. You will be sure that you strictly carry out this order.

You will inform the inhabitants for ten or fifteen miles around your camp, on all the roads approaching the town upon which the enemy may approach, that they must dash in and give you notice,

and upon any one failing to do so, you will burn their houses and shoot the men.

By order Brigadier-General R. H. MILROY,  
H. KELLOG, *Captain Commanding Post.*

Mr. Harper was an old gentlemen, over 82 years of age, a cripple, and can neither read nor write the English language, though a good German scholar. This gentlemen was one of twelve children, had served in the war of 1812, was the son of a Revolutionary soldier who bore his musket during the whole war, inherited a woodland tract, and built up a substantial home in the midst of Western Virginia.

His was only one of a class which swept over West Virginia, and left the beautiful valleys of Tygart and the Potomac rivers in ashes and desolation.

It is to pay for crimes like these, and keep in employment the men who committed them, that created the debt now weighing the people down. It was to pay such monsters, with their tools, that money was refunded by the General Government to the State of Missouri and West Virginia, and the taxes saddled upon the people of the country.

The following letter gives its own explanation:

MACON, GEORGIA, October 7, 1867.

HENRY CLAY DEAN, *Mount Pleasant, Iowa:*

Dear Sir—I have read your late communication addressed to "The prisoners of war, and victims of arbitrary arrests in the United States of America."

You allege that "the Congress of the United States refused to extend the investigation contemplated by a resolution, adopted by that body on the 10th of July, 1867, appointing certain parties to investigate the treatment of prisoners of war and Union citizens held by the Confederate authorities during the rebellion, to the prisoners of war, victims of 'arbitrary power and military usurpation by the authority of the Federal Administration.'"

Appreciating your object "to put the truth upon the record," and concurring in your patriotic suggestion that "it is the duty of every American to look to the honor of his country and the preservation of the truth of history," I have felt constrained to respond to the call made in your circular, so far as to acquaint the public, through you, with the following precise, simple, and unexaggerated statement of facts:

When the Capitol of the Confederate States was evacuated, the specie belonging to the Richmond banks was removed, with the archives of the Government, to Washington, Georgia. Early after the close of the war, a wagon train conveying this specie from Washington to Abbeville, South Carolina, was attacked and robbed of an amount approximating to \$100,000, by a body of disbanded cavalry of the Confederate army.

A few weeks subsequent to this event, Brigadier-General Edward A. Wild, with an escort consisting of twelve negro soldiers, under the command of Lieutenant Seaton, of Captain Alfred Cooley's company (156th Regiment of New York Volunteers), repaired to the scene of the robbery in the vicinity of Danburg, Wilkes county, Georgia. *By the order of General Wild*, and in his presence, A. D. Chenault, a Methodist minister, weighing 275 pounds, his brother, John N. Chenault, of moderate size, and a son of the latter, only 15 years of age, but weighing 230 pounds, were arrested and taken to an adjacent wood, where the money abstracted from the train, or a portion of it, was supposed to be concealed. Failing to produce the money upon the order of General Wild, these three citizens, who enjoy the esteem and confidence of all who know them, were suspended *by their thumbs*, with the view of extorting confessions as to the place of its concealment. Mr. John N. Chenault was twice subjected to this torture, and on one occasion until he fainted, and was then cut down. Rev. A. D. Chenault was also hung up twice by his thumbs, and until General Wild was induced only by his groans and cries to release him from his agony. The youth, A. F. Chenault, was hung up once, and until he exhibited evident signs of fainting, when he was cut down. Whilst this scene was being enacted, General Wild and his subaltern were both present, directing the whole operations. These citizens, with the exception of John N. Chenault, who was unable to be removed, were then sent under guard to Washington, fifteen miles distant.

*By order of General Wild*, a daughter of John N. Chenault, about the age of seventeen years, universally beloved in her neighborhood, and distinguished for her piety, was searched, by being stripped, in the presence of the Lieutenant, who was charged with the execution of the order. When her garments, piece by piece, were taken from her and the very last one upon her was reached, in the instincts of her native modesty, she threw herself upon a bed and sought to conceal her person with its covering, she was ordered to stand out upon the floor until stripped to perfect nakedness.

*By order of General Wild*, the wife of John N. Chenault was arrested and taken under guard to Washington, where she was incarcerated for several days, fed on bread and water, in one of the petit jury rooms of the courthouse, and after she had been forced to leave at her home her nursing infant, but nine months old, where it continued to remain until its mother was released.

During the period of her imprisonment, General Wild was waited upon at his hotel by three citizens of the county, to wit: Francis G. Wingfield, Richard T. Walton, and your correspondent, who importuned this officer to permit one of the party to take Mrs. Chenault to his residence in the village, each pledging his neck, and all tendering bond, with security in any amount which he would be pleased to nominate, for her appearance at any time and place in obedience to his order. This request General Wild promptly and emphatically refused, but graciously allowed her friends to supply her with suitable food at the place of her confinement.

The tortures and indignities thus inflicted upon this family, who are respected and esteemed by all who know them, failed to discover any evidence whatever of their complicity in the robbery, or any knowledge of the concealment of any of its fruits.

The facts thus detailed were reported in substance to Major-General James B. Steadman, then on duty at Augusta, Georgia, who immediately ordered his Inspector-General (whose name is not remembered) to Washington, with instructions to collect the evidence as to the truth of the representations made to him. After spending several days at Washington and its vicinity, in the examination of witnesses, this officer observed that the facts which he had elicited fully corroborated the statements which had been forwarded to General Steadman.

General Wild was removed by the order of General Steadman, and ordered to Washington city. Charges were also preferred against him, but the public is not advised that even as much as a reprimand was ever administered to him.

The foregoing statement of facts will be avouched by many citizens of Washington, and of Wilkes and Lincoln counties. You are respectfully referred to James M. Dyson, Gabriel Toombs, Green P. Cozart, Hon. Garnett Andrews, Dr. J. J. Robertson, Dr. James H. Lane, Dr. J. B. Ficklin, Richard T. Walton, Dr. John Haynes Walton and David G. Cotting, the present editor of the *Republican*, at Augusta.

Prompted by no spirit of personal malevolence, but in obedience alone to the instinct of a virtuous patriotism, I have thus "a round unvarnished tale delivered" of some of the actings and doings of this officer, studiously refraining from any denunciation, and suppressing every suggestion the least calculated to excite the prejudices or inflame the passions of the public.

I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN B. WEEMS.

An attempt to record the crimes committed during the civil war would fill volumes and excite horror.

We can only indicate the crimes rather than give detail of their circumstances.

One gentleman from Vicksburg writes in justly indignant language of the rape and robbery of his wife; that he has sought redress in vain of the military authorities. Another of the violation of two ladies by beastly mercenaries, until one dies, and the other lives a raving maniac.

A lady writes from Liberty, Missouri, that her father, Mr. Payne, a minister of Christ, was murdered by the military and left out from his dwelling for several days, until found by some neighbors in a mutilated condition.

A gentleman writes that a wretch named Harding boasts that he had beaten out the brains of a wounded Confederate prisoner at the battle of Drainesville.



The affidavit of Thomas E. Gilkerson states that negro soldiers were promoted to corporals for shooting white prisoners at Point Lookout, where he was a prisoner.

That he was transferred to Elmira, New York, where prisoners were starved into skeletons; were reduced to the necessity of robbing the night-stool of the meats which, being spoiled, could not be eaten by the sick, was thrown into the bucket of excrements, taken out and washed to satisfy their distressing hunger.

That for inquiring of Lieutenant Whitney, of Rochester, New York, for some clothes which the deponent believed were sent to him in a box, the deponent was confined three days in a dungeon and fed on bread and water.

That two men in ward twenty-two were starved until they eat a dog, for which offence they were severely punished.

That negroes were placed on guard. That while on guard, a negro called a prisoner over the dead line, which the prisoner did not recognize as such, and the negro shot him dead, and went unpunished.

That shooting prisoners without cause or provocation, was of frequent occurrence by the negro guards.

This affidavit was taken before Daniel Jackson, Justice of the Peace.

Joseph Hetterphran, from Fayetteville, Georgia, writes that he was captured on the 27th of January, 1864, in East Tennessee; searched and robbed with his companions of everything. They were hurried by forced marches to Knoxville, nearly frozen and starved; were then confined in the penitentiary, where the treatment all the time grew worse; were finally taken to Rock Island, where he had no blanket, was stinted in fuel, food and raiment. In this horrible place the prisoners ate dogs and rats. The poor fellows tried to get the crumbs that fell from the bread wagons; a great many died of diseases induced by starvation: others starved outright. In the meantime the sutler would sell provisions to the rich Confederates, whilst the poor were driven to starvation. This prison was guarded by negroes for a considerable time. The negroes frequently shot the prisoners down through wantonness, just as they did at Elmira. The officer who led negroes to kill the people of his own race, can sink to no lower depth of degradation.

Henry J. Moses writes from Woodbine, Texas, that he was taken prisoner at Gaines' Farm, near Richmond, Virginia, and confined at Point Lookout during the month of May, 1864, and then taken to Fort Delaware, where he remained until the 24th of August. When General Foster demanded the removal of six hundred of the prisoners, they were placed on board the steamer Crescent, and kept in the hold seventeen days, suffocating with heat, drinking bilge water, and eating salt pork and crackers in very stinted allowances. The hatchway was frequently closed, and all of the horrors of the African slave trade revived in their persons and treatment. After enduring this terrible form of torture, they were placed on

Morris' Island, under the fire of their own guns for forty-three days, guarded by negroes. The dead line rope was stretched as a pretext for shooting those who should even by accident touch it. Taunts, gibes, jeers, and insults of every kind were heaped upon the prisoners. Paul H. Earle, of Alabama, for no offence whatever, was shot at; another time the tent was fired into, and two sleeping soldiers badly wounded, by order of the lieutenant. As it always has been and ever will be, the negroes behaved much better than the white fiends who commanded them. How could it be otherwise? A man raised in Christian communities who would let loose barbarians to burn up and destroy the habitations of women and children of his own race, has not one conceivable iota of space in which to sink deeper in degradation.

After all of the acts of cruelty and ingenuity to starve these poor fellows, they were finally confined in Fort Pulaski, fed upon a pint of musty kiln-dried corn, with a rotten pickle each day. On this diet they were kept for forty-four days, when the scurvy broke out and killed over two hundred of the number. After such loathsome suffering as makes human nature shudder, incarcerated in damp cells without blankets, some with no coats, Mr. Moses adds that "nothing but the preserving hand of God kept us through those trying hours." How much greater was the crime of a Christian people, that the ministry in the peaceful regions were inflaming this horrible work, instead of alleviating the sufferings of the people. Added to all of the other atrocious crimes and cruelties, the insane were in like manner tortured. An old gentleman named Fitzgerald, infirm and insane, who ate opium to alleviate his pain, was denied his medicine for which he begged, until death kindly came to open the prison doors and release him from his agony. The prisoners say that Foster instigated these cruelties. The names and references of the parties clothe the whole statement with an unmistakable semblance of truth. The corroboration is conclusive.

John L. Waring, of Brandywine, Prince George's county, Maryland, states that he was a prisoner of war for more than two years; that a private soldier killed in his presence an inoffensive prisoner in Carroll prison, who sat by the window, and was promoted from the ranks to corporal for the crime.

Forney's *Chronicle*, in noticing the death, and apologizing for the crime, falsely stated that young Hardcastle, the prisoner killed, was cursing the guard.

The room-mate of Hardcastle, who, like Hardcastle, had been arrested upon no charges whatever, soon after this murder was released, but died shortly after in consequence of the cruel prison treatment.

Mr. Waring was removed from Carroll prison to Point Lookout, where the prisoners were detailed to load and unload vessels; were robbed by negroes of the trinkets made in prison; some were shot by negroes, carpet sacks were robbed of clothing, and hospital

stewards and sanitary commissions ate the provisions sent to prisoners and soldiers, or extorted exorbitant prices from the person to whom they had been sent.

The negroes offered every manner of indignity to the prisoners. Among other crimes they shot a dying man on his attempt to relieve nature. The conduct of the negroes at Point Lookout was incited by their white officers until it was frightful.

Henry H. Knight writes from Cary, Wake county, North Carolina, that he was captured at Gettysburg, taken to Fort Delaware, and suffered all that cold and mud could inflict upon their comfort and convenience. He was driven from poorly warmed stoves by Federal officers. The soldiers were beaten, starved and frozen to death. Seven were frozen one morning; others of them went to the hospital and died. At other times they were driven through the water, and were alternately robbed, frozen, tortured and starved. The great amount sent them by relatives was appropriated by the guards for their own use; and if they made complaint, the prisoners were shot, and the improbable story told that they had run guard, and that would be the last of their crime heard in the fort against the guards.

Some of these poor fellows were whole days without fire, when the snow was a foot deep, or the water covering the ground. The author saw hundreds of these prisoners in the city of Pittsburg in the early summer of 1865, on their way to the Southwest, in the most loathsome condition. Their pitiable suffering and mournful stories were sickening, and would crimson the cheek with unutterable shame and horror. No words can portray the picture that he saw with his own eyes. Swollen gums, teeth dropping from the jaws, eyes bursting with scurvy, limbs paralyzed, hair falling off of the heads, frozen hands and feet. These were those that escaped. The dead concealed the crimes of the murderers in the grave which was closed upon them, by hundreds.

W. C. Osborn, of Opelika, Alabama, states that he was captured on the 4th of July, 1863, and confined in Fort Delaware; that the rations were three crackers twice a day; most of the time no meat at all, but occasionally a very small piece of salt beef or pork. That he drank water within fifteen feet of the excrement of the fort, and could get no other. When cold weather returned, the beds of each man were searched, and only one blanket left him. The barracks were inferior, and men froze to death in the terrible winter of 1863-4. Prisoners were shot for the most trivial offences. One man's brains were blown out and scattered on the walls, where they remained for many days, for no offence other than looking over the bounds, unconsciously. For other offences, men were tied up by the thumbs just so that their toes might touch the ground, for three hours at a time, until they would turn black in the face. Others were placed astride of joists, and forced to remain in that attitude for hours at a time, the coldest weather. These crimes against the persons of the prisoners, and their starvation,

were carefully concealed from the public eye, and the Philadelphia papers made every effort to deceive the public in regard to these matters. On inspection days, when the people were admitted to the grounds, the prisoners got three times as much as upon other days. This was done to delude the people of the country, who never had any sympathy with these horrible crimes.

Presley N. Morris, of Henry county, Georgia, was captured by Wilder's brigade, was divested of everything, marched five days on one meal each day, carried through filthy cars to Camp Morton, Indiana, on the 19th of October, 1863, where he was imprisoned in an old horse stable on the Fair Ground, without blanket, thinly clad, and without fire, until January, 1864, when he received one blanket; his body covered with rags and vermin, when the snow was from six to ten inches deep. Two stoves were all that was used to warm three hundred men, and then wood for half the time only was allowed. The prisoners were compelled to remain out in the cold in this condition from nine o'clock, A. M., to four o'clock, P. M., no difference what was the condition of the weather. In October, 1864, the prisoners were drawn up in line, stripped of all their bedding, except one blanket, and robbed of all money; and Mr. Morris was robbed of three hundred dollars, with other valuables, none of which were ever returned; was beaten over the head because a piece of money was found near his feet, by one Fifer. Money sent him was purloined by the officers through whose hands it came.

Another says he belonged to Grigsby's regiment; was sent to Camp Morton; and corroborates the statement of Mr. Morris in regard to Camp Morton. He was soon, after his capture, sent to Camp Douglas near Chicago. In this place the prisoners were shot at by sharpshooters and Indians; sometimes were kept in close confinement for forty-eight hours. Sometimes a half dozen prisoners were placed upon a rude machine called "Morgan's horse," which was very sharp, and compelled to sit more than two hours at a time, with weights to their legs. Others were tied up by their thumbs. They were searched once every week. The prisoners were whipped with leather straps and sticks, after the manner of whipping brutes. Upon one occasion, when a guard discovered a beef bone thrown from the window of number six, he made all of the prisoners form in line and touch the ground with the fore finger without bending the knee. All who could not do this were beaten. A young man was shot for picking up snow to quench his thirst, when the hydrant had been closed for several days. New and cruel punishments were inflicted, as whim, passion, or pure malignity indicated.

Wm. Howard, a Baptist minister, sixty years of age, of Graves county, Kentucky, was taken, with his daughters, and beaten over the head with a sabre, until the sabre was broken; and he was otherwise cruelly treated.

Lucius T. Harding writes that on the 14th of October the large

steamer General Foster came to his place. The sailors entered the house, kicked his sick children, and robbed him of everything. That white officers led negro raids into Westmoreland and Richmond counties. Women were violated wherever they were caught by the negroes with the utmost impunity.

N. D. Hall, of Larkinsville, Alabama, a soldier of Western Virginia, during Hunter's, Crook's and Averill's horrible desolation of Virginia, says that the rebels found a negro man and child, both dead, and a negro woman stripped naked, whose bleeding person had been outraged by Averill's men.

That Averill's men offered to give to Dr. Patton's wife, in Greenbrier county, West Virginia, fifteen negro children which they had stolen, and which she refused to take from them. To rid themselves of the burden, and the children from suffering, they were thrown into Greenbrier river.

In the valley below Staunton, Crook's men tied an old gentleman, and violated his only daughter in his presence, until she fainted.

In Bedford county he saw the corpse of one, and the other sister a raving maniac, from violation of their persons. Desolation was left in the trail of these men.

An aged and respectable minister was hanged in Middletown, Virginia, by military order, for shooting a soldier in the attempt to violate his daughter in his own house in Greenbrier county.

David Nelson, of Jackson, was shot because his son was in the Confederate army.

Another person named Peters, a mere boy, was shot for having a pistol hidden.

Garland A. Snead, of Augusta, Georgia, said he was taken prisoner at Fisher's Hill, Virginia, September, 1864; sent to Point Lookout, which was in the care of one Brady, who had been an officer of negro cavalry.

He was starved for five days, had chronic diarrhoea; was forced to use bad water, the good water being refused them. Men died frequently of sheer neglect. He was sent off to make room for other prisoners, because he was believed to be in a dying condition; as it was manifestly the purpose to poison all that could be destroyed by deleterious food and water, or by neglect of their wants.

He said that negroes fired into their beds at night; and one was promoted for killing a prisoner, from the ranks to sergeant.

Claiborne Snead, of Augusta, Georgia, writes from Johnson's Island, that prisoners were frequently shot without an excuse; that prisoners having the small-pox were brought to Johnson's Island on purpose to inoculate the rest of the prisoners, and that many died of that disease; a crime for which civilized government visits the most terrible penalties. Yet this disease, thus planted, was kept there until it had spent its force.

That the rations were bad, and prisoners went to bed suffering the pangs of hunger.

That although Lake Erie was not one hundred yards distant, yet these prisoners were forced to drink from three holes dug in the prison bounds, surrounded by twenty-six sinks, the filth of which oozed into the water. This treatment, in no wise better than the inoculation of small-pox, and even more loathsome than that disease, caused many prisoners to contract chronic diarrhoea in a country where that disease is not common.

It is impossible for human language to portray the horrible criminality of the wicked men who inflicted these tortures upon human beings, and at the same time caused the detention of Northern prisoners in loathsome Southern prisons, through a fiendish love of suffering; and the unwillingness to have exchanges, paroles, and releases granted to the unfortunate, innocent men of both armies, unnaturally led to mutual destruction. What apology can the infidel ministry of the country offer for such crimes? and upon their head must the curse ever rest who sustained these thieves.

J. C. Moore, son of Colonel David Moore, of the Federal army, writes that he was taken prisoner at Helena, Arkansas, July 4, 1863, with 1,750 prisoners. The poor fellows, half starved, were met at Saint Louis by a supply of apples, cakes, tobacco and money. The officer having them in charge threatened the boys with imprisonment, who extended these friendships to these unfortunate men. That he was taken to the Alton prison, where men were kept with ball and chain at work in the street, for mere peccadilloes, where the keepers shot their victims and stabbed them, with all of the indignities usual in the prisons everywhere, which seemed under control of no military, but rather governed by the instigation of the devil.

L. P. Hall and Wm. Perry, of Chico Butte, California, were arrested; had their press destroyed; were handcuffed together in Jackson, Amada county, with ball and chain attached to their legs, and driven to labor on the Public Works at Alcatraz. Fifty-two others were treated in like manner. Hall and Perry were finally discharged without charges or trial. In the persons of these gentlemen, were violated all the rights of freedom of person, of the press, of speech, and finally they were starved, and released after enduring the most offensive insults at the hands of a cowardly enemy. This crime transpired in California, where war had not gone, and their imprisonment was without pretence.

T. Walton Mason, of Adairville, Logan county, Kentucky, says that he was surrendered by General Jno. Morgan, in Ohio, July 26th, 1863, and imprisoned at Camp Chase, then removed to Camp Douglas, where all of the horrors of that place were revived. In this camp Choctaw Indians were employed as guards. When money was given to the guards to buy provisions, they would pocket the money. The Indians shamed the whites for this breach of faith and petty theft. In November, 1863, seven escaped prisoners were returned, and subjected to the most cruel torture. They



were taken out in the presence of the garrison and tortured with the thumb-screw until they fainted with pain.

In February, 1864, the cruelty became extreme; they beat prisoners with clubs and a leather belt, with a United State buckle at the end of it. They shot prisoners without provocation. For spilling the least water on the floor, the prisoner was elevated on a four inch scantling fifteen feet high, and tortured for two or three hours. For any similar offence, when the perpetrator was not known, the whole regiment was marched out and kept in the cold all day, sometimes freezing their limbs in the effort. Because a sick man vomited on his floor, the whole of the prisoners, in the dead hour of a chilling cold night, were made to stand out in their night clothes, until frozen, and from which several died, whilst others lost their health, which they never recovered.

Mr. Mason was driven by this night's cruelty into the hospital, where, among empyrics, he refused to take their medicines; in turn his own physician was not allowed to see him.

From twelve to thirty prisoners died every day, during the months of July, August, September and October, from brutal treatment.

When James Wandle, a Virginia giant near seven feet high, died through neglect in the hospital, the ward-master could not lay him in the small coffin which was furnished, but his body in a most brutal manner was stamped down into its narrow limits to prepare it for the grave.

Such were the every day affairs of this loathsome place.

Again, in the coldest winter night, the prisoners were aroused and driven out in the storm barefooted, in their night clothes, and made to sit down until the snow melted under them.

Late in December, several hundred prisoners came from Hood's army, near Nashville, almost destitute of clothing; coming from a warm climate, they were kept out all night in the cold, shivering and freezing. Upon the next morning, nearly one hundred were sent to the hospital. As a consequence, many of their limbs were frozen and required amputation, and death kindly came to the relief of all.

J. Risque Hutter, late Lieutenant-Colonel Eleventh Regiment Virginia Infantry, writes that he was captured at Gettysburg, and was eighteen months in prison on Johnson's Island.

During the tyranny of a fellow of the name of Hill, rations were reduced and stinted; that prisoners were neglected in sickness; straw and other necessities were declared contraband.

That suffering from thirst was common, right on "the shores of the lake-bound prison."

That the rations were indifferent in quality and insufficient in quantity to satisfy hunger. Rats were eaten by hundreds of prisoners, who regarded themselves fortunate to get them, such was the reduced condition of the prisoners.

That Colonel Hutter's brother, an officer in the Confederate

army, on duty in Danville, Virginia, went to Lieutenant Bingham and agreed to furnish him with all of the comforts of life, if he would have the necessaries furnished Colonel Hutter through his friends at home. Colonel Hutter had Lieutenant Bingham furnished with everything he desired, and when arrangements were made to furnish similar articles to Colonel Hutter, on Johnson's Island, Hill would not permit it. When the matter was referred to Washington, the refusal was sustained.

The above abbreviated statement has been made from ably written details of individual wrongs—each gentleman giving name, date, place and specific charges. The latter would make a large bound volume of itself, which want of space only apologizes for the abridgment.

John M. Weiner, formerly Mayor of the city of Saint Louis, was arrested in that city and kept in prison without any charges against him whatever. After the cruel treatment common to Saint Louis prisons, he was transferred to Alton penitentiary, and from there made his escape, and was killed near Springfield, Missouri.

Mrs. Weiner sent for her husband's body for burial in Bellafontaine Cemetery. Whilst his wife and friends were preparing his body for burial, Samuel R. Curtis sent a squad of soldiers, who stole the corpse from his wife, and buried it in a secret place.

Mrs. Beatty was arrested for begging the release of Mayor Wolf, who was sentenced to be shot in retaliation. Wolf was respited and then exchanged; but Mrs. Beatty was put in prison, manacled, shackled, and chained with a heavy ball until the iron cut through her tender limbs, and the flesh rotted beneath the irons, until she was attacked with chills; and in a lone cell, not permitted to see a human being, when her mind gave way under the terrible treatment. The surgeon protested against this vicious cruelty; still it was continued, until the very sight of the poor creature was frightful. So she continued until Rosecrans was removed. After Rosecrans was broken down in the army, like Burnside, he tried to retrieve his lost fortunes by cruelty, but failed. Neither the release of Strachan from the penalties of the court-martial for his participation in the McNeil murders, and robbery and rape of Mrs. Mary Humphreys, nor his barbarity could save him from the contempt of the Radicals. After his brutalities in these cases, the Democrats loathed him, and he now lies hidden among the rubbish of the war, 'mid the remnants of abandoned barracks, rusty guns and broken wagons, to be heard of no more forever. Mrs. Beatty was tried by court-martial and acquitted, but will wear the marks of cruelty to the grave.

One of the most horrible murders of the State of Missouri, was that committed by an old counterfeiter named Babcock, who shot Judge Wright and his three sons, after decoying them from their own door. The details are too horrible for human pen.

This wretched criminal, Babcock, was elected to the legislature by disfranchising the people of his county by military force.

This murderer is a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and dispenses the gospel to the people.

Through disgust, horror and shame, I cast my pen aside, and sit in amazement, that for crimes like these an angry God has not, by His breath, cursed the earth, and sent it as a floating pandemonium throughout the immensity of space, as a warning to other worlds, if other worlds there be so depraved, corrupted and lost to the charities of life and the mercies of God.

Dr. Gideon S. Bailey, in wealth and character, is one of the finest citizens of the State of Iowa. He had attended Abraham Lincoln's reputed father in his last illness for many months, and had received not one cent in compensation. Yet Dr. Bailey was arrested, placed in the very same filthy place in which the author was imprisoned, and kept there for a number of days.

The weather was exceeding sultry; Dr. Bailey was in very feeble health when he was carried down to Saint Louis on the hurricane deck of a steamer. When in Saint Louis, he was placed in Gratiot street prison; where he was subjected to every manner of filth, torture and suffering.

The debt due him for the attendance upon Mr. Lincoln remains unpaid, though the doctor will bear the effects of his incarceration to the grave.

We will next give Rev. George W. Nelson's narrative of his prison life. Mr. Nelson is now rector of the Episcopal church in Lexington, Virginia. As an alumnus of the University of Virginia, a gallant Confederate soldier, and since the war a devoted, useful minister of the gospel, Mr. Nelson is widely known and needs no endorsement from us. The narrative was written not long after the close of the war, when the facts were fresh in his memory, and could be substantiated by memoranda in his possession. In a private letter to the editor, dated March 14, 1876, Mr. Nelson says of his narrative: "It is all literal fact, *understated rather than overstated*. I read it a few days since to Mr. Gillock of this place, (Lexington), who was my bunk-mate from Point Lookout until we were released, and he says that all of the facts correspond with his memory of them." Without further introduction, we submit the paper in full:

REV. GEORGE W. NELSON'S NARRATIVE.

I was captured on the 26th of October, 1863, under the following circumstances: I had just returned from within the enemy's lines to the home of my companion on the border. We were eating dinner, and thought ourselves perfectly secure. The sight of a blue coat at the window was the first intimation of the presence of the Yankees. We immediately jumped up and ran into another

room, expecting to escape through a back window, but to our dismay found that outlet also guarded. We next made tremendous exertions to get up into the garret of the house, but the trap-door was so weighted down as to resist our utmost strength. The effort to double up our long legs and big bodies in a wardrobe was equally unsuccessful. At last we threw ourselves under a bed and awaited our fate. A few minutes, and in they came—swords clattering, pistols cocked and leveled. They soon spied our legs under the bed. "Come out of that," was yelled out, then pistols were put in our faces, and I heard several voices call out "surrender," which we did with as good a grace as we could. The ladies of the family were much distressed and alarmed, particularly when the Yankees came up to us with their pistols leveled. They implored: "Don't shoot them—don't shoot them." The Yankees answered: "O, we aint going to hurt them." A few moments were given us to say good-bye, and then we were put upon our horses, (which they had found), placed in the column, with a trooper on each side and one in front leading our horses, thus precluding all chance of escape. We had gone about a mile, when an Orderly came up to us with an order from the Colonel to bring the ranking prisoner to the head of the column. Accordingly I was led forward. The Colonel saluted me, introduced a Captain Bailey who was riding with him, and said we should be treated with all possible courtesy while under his charge, and I must do him the justice to say he kept his word. He then proceeded to question me about our army. There were very few questions of this kind that I would have answered, but it happened that the Colonel and myself were both quite deaf, which gave rise to a ludicrous mistake, and resulted in putting a stop to the catechism. Overture: "Does Jeff. Davis visit the army often?" Answer: "O, yes, while we were camped about Orange Courthouse in the summer, the array of beauty was great, and the smiles of the fair ones fully compensated for the hardships of the Pennsylvania campaign." I thought he asked me whether the ladies visited the army. He asked me what I said. I repeated. I then noticed he had a puzzled look, and that Captain Bailey could hardly restrain his laughter. So I told him I was deaf, and had probably misunderstood his question. He answered that he was deaf, too. I came to the conclusion he thought I was quizzing, as he didn't ask any more questions. It is my intention to give full credit for every kindness I received, for stretched to the utmost, they make but two or three bright spots in a dark record of suffering and oppression. One of these occurred the evening of our capture. I had no gloves, and the night was very cold. Captain Bailey seeing this, gave me one of his, and the next day brought me a pair he had got for me. We halted the first night at a place called Ninevah. We were put for safe keeping in a small out-house, where we made our bed upon "squashes" and broken pieces of an old stove. This did not trouble us, however, as we intended to be awake all night in the hope of a chance for escape. But a

numerous and vigilant guard disappointed us. We reached Strasburg the next evening, where our captors gave us a dinner. We then went on to Winchester, where we spent the night. The Yankee officers gave us a first-rate supper. We reached Charlestown next day, where dinner was again given us—a very good one, top. The Yankee officers took us to their “mess,” and treated us very courteously. That evening the Colonel commanding took us to Harper’s Ferry. As we were starting, Captain Bailey very kindly gave us some tobacco, remarking, “You will find some difficulty in getting such things on the way.” The Colonel left us at the Ferry, and we found ourselves in the hands of a different set of men. We were put in the “John Brown Engine House,” where were already some twenty-five or thirty prisoners. There were no beds, no seats, and the floor and walls were alive with lice. Before being sent to this hole, we were stripped and searched. We stayed here about thirty-six hours, were then sent on to Wheeling, where we were put in a place neither so small nor so lousy as the one we had left, but the company was even less to our taste than lice, viz: Yankee convicts. We remained here two or three days, and then were taken to Camp Chase. We reached there in the night—were cold and wet. After undergoing a considerable amount of cursing and abuse, we were turned into prison No. 1, to shift for ourselves as best we could. At Camp Chase I made my first attempt at washing my clothes—having no change, I had to be minus shirt, drawers and socks during the operation. I worked so hard as to rub all the skin off my knuckles, and yet not enough to get the dirt out of my garments. We stayed at this place about twenty days. We were then started off to Johnson’s Island. My friend had ten dollars good money when we reached Camp Chase, which was taken from him and sutlers’ checks given instead. When about to leave for Johnson’s Island, where, of course, Camp Chase checks would be useless, the sutler made it convenient not to be on hand to redeem his paper, so my friend lost all the little money he had. We marched from Camp Chase to Columbus, where we took the cars. This march was brutally conducted. Several of our number were sick, and yet the whole party was made to double quick nearly the whole distance—five miles. The excuse was, that otherwise “we would be too late for the train.” But why not have made an earlier start? or why not have waited for the next train? We traveled all day, reached Johnson’s Island in the night, worn out and hungry. I stayed at Johnson’s Island from about November 20th to April 26th. During this time, in common with many others, I suffered a good deal. Prisoners who were supplied by friends in the North got along very well, but those altogether dependent upon the tender mercies of the Government were poorly off indeed. I was among the latter for sometime—not having been able to communicate with my friends until the middle of December. But the New Year brought me supplies and letters more precious than bank notes, even to a half starved, shivering prisoner.

The building in which I stayed was a simple weather-boarded house, through which the wind blew and the snow beat at will. It is true many of the buildings were quite comfortable, but I speak of my own experience. The first of January, 1864, was said by all to be the coldest weather ever known at that point. It was so cold that the sentinels were taken off for fear of their freezing. Wherever the air struck the face the sensation was that of ice pressed hard against it. Yet cold as it was, we were without fire in my room from 3 o'clock in the evening to 9 o'clock next morning. I went to my bed, which consisted of two blankets, one to lie upon and one to cover with, but sleep was out of the question under such circumstances. So I got up, got together several fellow-prisoners, and kept up the circulation of blood and spirits until day light by dancing. My chum, unfortunately, stayed in our bunk—the consequence was, he was unable to get his boots on, so badly were his feet frost-bitten. During my stay in this prison, there was at times a scarcity of water, sufficient not only to inconvenience us, but to cause actual suffering. The wells from which we got our supply were shallow, and were generally exhausted early in the afternoon. We were surrounded by a lake of water, whence we might have been allowed a plentiful supply, but the fear of our escaping was so great that we were never allowed to go to the lake except through a long line of guards. This opportunity was given once a day, except when the wells were frozen so that no water could be got from them at all, then we had access to the lake twice a day. In this prison, as in all others in which it was my misfortune to be confined, we were liable to be shot at at any time, and for nothing. I remember three different times that the room I stayed in was fired into at night because the sentinel said we had lights burning, when to my certain knowledge there was no light in the room. The authorities had rules stuck up, the observance of which, they said, would insure safety. It is true, the non-observance of them would almost certainly entail death or a wound, but the converse was by no means true. Sentinels interpreted rules as they pleased, and fired upon us at the dictation of their cowardly hearts. In no instance have I seen or heard of their being punished for it, though it was clearly proven that the sufferer violated no rule. This prison afforded opportunity for the exhibition of a spirit characteristic of our people, and which, now they are overpowered and under the heel of oppression, is still manifested. It is that spirit of self-reliance and submission to the will of Providence, which, added to a conscious rectitude of purpose, bids men make the best of their circumstances. This spirit showed itself at Johnson's Island in the efforts made to pass the time pleasantly and profitably. Schools, debating clubs, and games of all kinds were in vogue. There were all kinds of shops. Shoemaker, blacksmith, tailor, jeweler, storekeeper, were all found carrying on their respective business. The impression is upon my mind of many disagreeable, unkind, and oppressive measures taken by the author-



ities, but the very severe treatment to which I was afterwards subjected so far threw them into the shade that they have escaped my memory. I must not omit a statement about food. At Camp Chase my rations were of a good quality and sufficient. At Johnson's Island they were not so good nor near so plentiful, though sufficient to keep a man in good health. While at Johnson's Island, I made two attempts to escape. My first attempt was in December. Six of us started a tunnel from under one of the buildings, with the intention of coming to the surface outside of the pen surrounding the prison. Our intention then was to swim to the nearest point of mainland, about a quarter of a mile distant, and then make across the country for the South. We had with infinite labor, during three or four nights, made a considerable hole, and were in high spirits at the prospect, when one night there came a tremendous rain, which caved in our tunnel and blasted our hopes for that time. My next attempt was on the 2d of January, 1864, during the intensely cold weather. I succeeded in getting to the fence where the sentinel was posted, but the guard was so vigilant it was impossible to get over. I lay by the fence until nearly frozen. The moon shone out brightly, and I had to run for my life. In the beginning of spring an exchange of sick and disabled prisoners was agreed upon between the two Governments. I had been very unwell for some three months. Accordingly I went before the board of physicians, which decided I was a fit subject for exchange. On the 26th of April, in company with one hundred and forty sick, I left Johnson's Island, fully believing that in a few days I would be once more in dear old Dixie. We traveled by rail to Baltimore, thence we went by steamer to Point Lookout. Here I drank to the dregs the cup of "Hope deferred that maketh the heart sick." Every few days we were told we would certainly leave for the South by the next boat—once all of us were actually called up to sign the parole not to take up arms, etc., until regularly exchanged—but the order was countermanded before one-third of us had signed the roll. I never before nor since felt so sick at heart as then. My disappointments of the same character have been many, but that overstepped them all. All faith in the truth of any Government official was then shattered forever. The greater part of my time at Point Lookout was passed in the hospital, where I was very well treated. The sick were not closely guarded, and had the privilege of the whole Point. It was no small consolation to sit for hours on the beach, the fresh breeze blowing in your face, the free waters rolling endless before you (moodful as nature's own child, sparkling with infinite lustre in the sunshine of a calm day, kissing with a soft murmur of welcome the gentle breeze or struggling with an angry roar in the embrace of the tempest), and miles distant was the Virginia shore, and I have often thought I might claim a kindred feeling with the prophet viewing from Pisgah the land he might not reach. About the middle of May the hospital was crowded with wounded

Yankees sent from Butler's line. This necessitated our removal. Accordingly we were sent out to the regular prison. There we lived in tents. We still had one luxury—sea bathing. The drinking water here was very injurious—caused diarrhœa. About this time rations were reduced. We were cut down to two meals a day. Coffee and sugar were stopped. The ration was a *small* loaf of bread per day, a small piece of meat for breakfast, and a piece of meat, and what was *called* soup, for dinner. About the 20th of June I was removed to Fort Delaware. We were crowded in the hold and between decks of a steamer for three days, the time occupied in the trip. I thought at the time this was terrible, but subsequent experience taught me it was only a small matter. On reaching Fort Delaware we underwent the "search" usual at most of the prisons. What money I had I put in brown paper, which I placed in my mouth in a chew of tobacco. I thus managed to secure it. An insufficiency of food was the chief complaint at Fort Delaware. I did not suffer. My friends supplied me with money, and I was allowed to purchase from the sutler what I needed. While at Fort Delaware, one of our number, Colonel Jones, of Virginia, was murdered by one of the guard. Colonel Jones had been sick for sometime. One foot was so swollen he could not bear a shoe upon it, and it was with difficulty he walked at all. One evening he hobbled to the sinks. As he was about to return a considerable crowd of prisoners had collected there. The sentinel ordered them to move off, which they did. Colonel Jones could not move fast. The sentinel ordered him to move faster. He replied that he was doing the best he could, he could not walk any faster, whereupon the sentinel shot him, the ball passing through the arm and lungs. He lived about twenty-four hours. He remarked to the commandant of the post: "Sir, I am a murdered man—murdered for nothing—I was breaking no rule." The prisoners at Fort Delaware were great beer drinkers. The beer was made of molasses and water—was sold by prisoners to each other for five cents per glass. Every few yards there was a "beer stand." Beer was drank in the place of water—the latter article being very warm, and at times very brackish. While at Fort Delaware we were kept on the rack by alternate hope and disappointment. Rumors, that never came to anything, of an immediate general exchange, were every day occurrences. On the 20th of August, 1864, six hundred of us were selected and sent to Morris' Island, in Charleston harbor, to be placed under the fire of our own batteries. We were in high spirits at starting, for we firmly believed we were soon to be exchanged for a like number of the enemy in Charleston. In some instances men gave their gold watches to some of the "lucky ones," as they were termed, to be allowed to go in their places. On the evening of the 20th we were all (600) stowed away between decks of the steamer "Crescent." Bunks had been fixed up for us. They were arranged in three tiers along the whole length of the ship, two rows of three tiers

each on each side of the vessel, leaving a very narrow passageway, so narrow that two men could with difficulty squeeze by each other. In the centre of the rows the lower and centre tiers of bunks were shrouded in continual night, the little light through the port holes being cut off by the upper tier of bunks. My bunk, which was about five feet ten inches square, and occupied by four persons, was right against the boiler, occasioning an additional amount of heat, which made the sensation of suffocation almost unbearable. Here we lay in these bunks, packed away like sardines, in all eighteen days, in the hottest part of summer. In two instances the guard placed in with us fainted. I heard one of them remark: "A dog could'n't stand this." Perspiration rolled off us in streams all the time. Clothes and blankets were saturated with it, and it constantly dripped from the upper to the lower bunks. Our sufferings were aggravated by a scarcity of water. The water furnished us was condensed, and so intense was the thirst for it, that it was taken from the condenser almost boiling hot and drunk in that state. One evening, during a rain, we were allowed on deck. Several of us carried up an old, dirty oil-cloth, which we held by the four corners until nearly full of rain water. We then plunged our heads in and drank to our fill. I remember well the sensation of delight, the wild joy with which I felt the cool water about my face and going down my throat. On one occasion, hearing that the surgeon gave his medicines in ice water, I went to him and asked for a dose of salts, which he gave me, and after it a glass of ice water. He remarked upon the indifference with which I swallowed the physic. I told him I would take another dose for another glass of water, which he was kind enough to give me minus the salts. It was strange that none of us died during this trip. I can account for it only by the fact that we were sustained by the hope every one had of being soon exchanged and returning home. Our skins, which were much tanned when we started, were bleached as white as possible during this trip. We lay for some days off Port Royal, while a pen was being made on Morris' Island in which to confine us. While at anchor, three of our number attempted their escape. They found some "life preservers" somewhere in the ship. With these they got overboard in the night, swam some eight or ten miles, when two of them landed; the third kept on swimming, and I have never heard of him since. The other two got lost among the islands and arms of the sea, and after scuffling and suffering for three days were re-captured and brought back to their old quarters. On the 7th of September, 1864, we landed on Morris' Island. We disembarked during the middle of the day, under a scorching sun, but yet the change from the close, and by that time, filthy hold of the ship, was delightful. During the voyage we were guarded by white soldiers. They were now relieved by blacks, and they were certainly the blackest I ever saw. But black, uncouth and barbarous as they were, we soon found that they were far preferable to the white officers who com-

manded them. If physiognomy is any index of character, then surely these officers were villainous. But not one of them, in looks or deeds, could compare with their Colonel. I always felt in his presence as if I had suddenly come upon a snake. He used frequently to come into the pen and talk with some of the prisoners. He seemed to take a fiendish pleasure in our sufferings. A prisoner said to him, on one occasion: "Colonel, unless you give us more to eat, we will starve." His reply was: "If I had my way I would feed you on an oiled rag." Once he told us we must bury the refuse bones in the sand to prevent any bad smell from them. One of our number answered: "If you don't give us something more to eat, there will not only be nothing to bury, but there won't be any of us left to bury it." "Ah, well," he replied, "when you commence to *stink*, I'll put you in the ground too." The bread issued us was spoiled and filled with worms. Some one remonstrated with him about giving men such stuff to eat. His answer was: "You were complaining about not having any *fresh* meat, so I thought I would supply you." The pen in which we were confined had an area of one square acre. It was nearly midway between batteries Gregg and Wagner, perfectly exposed to the shot and shell fired at the two batteries. The principal firing was from mortars, and was done mostly at night. We lived in tents, and had not the least protection from the fire. This, however, troubled us but little. Our great concern was at the small amount and desperate quality of the food issued. One of our greatest pleasures was in watching the shells at night darting through the air like shooting stars, and in predicting how near to us they would explode. Sometimes they exploded just overhead, and the fragments went whizzing about us. But, strange to say, during our stay there, from September 7th to October 19th, not one of our number was struck, though there was firing every day and night, and sometimes it was very brisk. The negro guard was as much exposed as ourselves. One of them had his leg knocked off by a shell—the only person struck that I heard of. In this place we lived in small A tents—four men to a tent. The heat was intense during the day, but the nights were cool and pleasant—the only drawback to sleep being the constant noise from exploding shell and from the firing of the forts by us. Our camp was laid off in streets, two rows of tents facing each other, making a street. These rows were called A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H. A negro sergeant had charge of each row, calling it "his company." His duties were to call the roll three times per diem, issue rations, and exercise a general superintendence. These sergeants were generally kind to us, expressed their sorrow that we had so little to eat. We had a point in common with them, viz: intense hatred of their Colonel. Their hatred of him was equalled only by their fear of him. His treatment of them, for the least violation of orders, or infraction of discipline, was barbarous. He would ride at them, knock and beat them over the head with his sabre, or draw his pistol and

shoot at them. Our rations were issued in manner and quantity as follows: The sergeant came around to each tent with a box of hard biscuit, issued to each prisoner three, generally, sometimes two, sometimes one and a half. Towards the last of our stay five were issued, which last was the number allowed by the authorities. The sergeant next came around with a box of small pieces of meat, about the width and length of two fingers. One of them was given to each man. This was breakfast. At dinner time the sergeant went around with a barrel of 'pea soup—gave each man from one-third to half a pint. Supper was marked by the issue of a little mush or rice. This, too, was brought around in a barrel. I have before spoken of the *lively* nature of the bread. Any one who had not seen it would hardly credit the amount of dead animal matter in the shape of white worms, which was in, the mush given us. For my own part, I was always too hungry to be dainty—worms, mush and all went to satisfy the cravings of nature. But I knew of several persons, who, attempting to pick them out, having thrown out from fifty to eighty, stopped picking them out, not because the worms were all gone, but because the little bit of mush was going with them.

While at Morris' Island we considered ourselves in much more danger from the guns of the guard than from our batteries. The negroes were thick-headed, and apt to go beyond their orders, or misunderstand. They were, therefore, very dangerous. Fortunately they were miserable shots, else several men would have been killed who really were not touched. A sutler was permitted to come in once a week to sell tobacco, stationery, molasses, cakes, etc., to those who had money. Inside the enclosure and all around the tents was a rope: this was the "Dead Line." To go beyond, or even to touch this rope, was death—that is, if the sentinel could hit you. When the sutler came in we were ordered to form in two ranks, faced by the flank towards the "Dead Line." Every new comer had to fall in behind, and await his turn. On one occasion, one of our number, either not knowing or having forgotten the order, walked up to the "Dead Line" on the flank of the line of men. He was not more than five yards from a sentinel. An officer was standing by the sentinel, and ordered him to fire, which he did, and wonderful to say, missed not only the man at whom he shot, but the entire line. The officer then pulled his pistol, and fired it at the prisoner. He also missed. The prisoner, not liking a position where all the firing was on one side, then made good his retreat to his tent.

Our authorities in Charleston and the Yankee authorities on the island exchanged a boat load of provisions, tobacco, etc., for their respective prisoners. Bread, potatoes, meat, and both smoking and chewing tobacco, were sent us by the Charleston ladies. Never was anything more enjoyed, and never, I reckon, were men more thankful. I had as much as I could eat for once, even on Morris' Island. All the prisoners seemed to squirt out tobacco juice, and



puff tobacco smoke, with a keener relish from knowing where it came from, and by whom it was sent. There, as elsewhere, we were constantly expecting to be exchanged. No one counted upon being there more than ten days; and, at the end of that ten days, "why, we will surely be in Dixie before another ten days passes." One freak of the Yankees I have never been able to account for. They took us out of the pen one morning, marched us down to the opposite end of the island, put us on board two old hulks, kept us there for the night, then marched us back to our old quarters. About the 18th of October we were ordered to be ready to leave early the next morning. In compliance with this order, we got up earlier than usual, in order to bundle up our few possessions and wash our faces before leaving. The guard took this occasion to shoot two of our number, one through the knee, the other through the shoulder. Early on the morning of the 18th of October we were drawn up in line, three days' rations were issued, viz: fifteen "hard tack" and a right good-sized piece of meat. I felt myself a rich man. I remember well the loving looks I cast upon my dear victuals, and the tender care with which I adjusted and carried my trusty old haversack. A few moments more and we took up the line of march for the lower end of Morris' Island, with a heavy line of darkey guards on either side. The distance was only three miles, but this to men confined for over a year, and for two months previous existing upon such light rations, was a very considerable matter. Several of our number gave out completely, and had to be hauled the remaining distance. Arrived at the wharf, we exchanged our negro guards for white ones, the 157th New York Volunteers, Colonel Brown commanding. This officer and his men, though we afterwards while in their hands were subjected to the most severe treatment, as far as they were concerned individually always treated us with kindness. We were put in two old hulks fitted up for us, and then were towed out to sea. The first evening of the journey I fell upon my "victuals," and was so hungry that I ate my three days' rations at once. To a question from a friend, "What will you do for the rest of the time?" I replied: "I reckon the Lord will provide." But I made a mistake. I might have known the Almighty would use such instruments as were about us only as ministers of wrath. The evening of the third day we anchored off Fort Pulaski. By this time I was nearly famished. We did not land until the next morning, when we were marched into the fort and provisions given us. On the journey a party attempted to escape. They had succeeded in cutting a hole in the side of the vessel, and were just letting themselves down into the water when they were discovered and brought back.

Fort Pulaski is a brick work, mounts two tiers of guns, the lower tier in casemates. The walls enclose about an acre of ground. We were placed in the casemates, where bunks in three tiers were prepared for us. The flooring was mostly brick. This was very damp, which, together with the cold, damp air, rendered us very



uncomfortable. A heavy guard was thrown around our part of the fort, and for additional security iron grates were placed in the embrasures. Twenty prisoners at a time were allowed to walk up and down the parade ground within the fort for exercise. Doors and windows were generally kept shut, and our abiding place was dark and gloomy enough.

Nothing remarkable happened until the end of the old year. A tolerable amount of rations was issued, and our life was pretty much the same with prison life elsewhere. The new year brought a terrible change. General Foster ordered us to be retaliated upon for alleged ill treatment of prisoners at Andersonville, Georgia. Our rations were reduced to less than one pint of meal and about a half pint of pickle per day. No meat and no vegetables of any kind were allowed us. The meal issued was damaged. It was in lumps larger than a man's head, and as hard as clay: it was sour, and generally filled with bugs and worms. We either had to eat this or lie down and die at once. This regimen lasted forty-three days. I cannot do justice to the misery and suffering experienced by myself and seen everywhere around me during this period. It is only one year since, and yet I can hardly believe I really passed through such scenes as memory brings before me. Our diet soon induced scurvy. This loathsome disease, in addition to the pangs of hunger, made life almost insupportable. The disease first made its appearance in the mouth, loosening the teeth, and in many cases making the gums a mass of black, putrid flesh. It next attacked the limbs, appearing first in little spots, like blood blisters. One of them, after being broken, would become a hard, dark-colored knot. These spots would increase until the whole limb was covered, by which time the muscles would have contracted and the limb be drawn beyond all power of straightening. I have seen cases where not only the legs and arms but the back was thus affected. Another feature of the disease was the fainting produced by very slight exercise. I have walked down the prison, and stumbled upon men lying on the floor to all appearance dead, having fainted and fallen while exerting themselves to get to the "sinks."

Terrible as was the above state of things, our sufferings were increased by as heartless and uncalled-for a piece of cruelty as has ever been recorded. Our poor fellows generally were supplied, and that slimly, with summer clothing, such as they brought from Fort Delaware in August. United States blankets (and many had no other kind) had been taken away at Morris' Island. Not only were blankets and clothing not issued, but *we were not allowed to receive what friends had sent us*. We had only so much fuel as was needed for cooking. Can a more miserable state of existence be imagined than this? Starved almost to the point of death, a prey to disease, the blood in the veins so thin that the least cold sent a shiver through the whole frame! No fire, no blankets, scarcely any clothing! Add to this the knowledge on our part that a few

steps off were those who lived in plenty and comfort! Crumbs and bones were there daily thrown to the dogs or carried to the dunghill, that would have made the eyes of the famished men in that prison glisten. The consequence of all this was that the prisoners died like sheep. Whatever the immediate cause of their death, that cause was induced by starvation, and over the dead bodies of nine-tenths of those brave, true men there can be given but one true verdict: "Death by *starvation*." I remember one instance that, suffering as I was myself, touched me to the heart. One poor fellow, who had grown so weak as not to be able to get off his bunk, said to his "chum": "I can't stand this any longer, I must die." "O, no," said the other, "cheer up, man, rations will be issued again in two days, and I reckon they will certainly give us *something* to eat then—live until then anyhow." The poor fellow continued to live until the day for issuing rations, but it brought no change—the same short pint of damaged meal and pickle, and nothing more. As soon as the poor fellow heard this, he told his friend not to beg him any more, for he could not live any longer, and the next evening he died.

Fortunately for some of us, there were a great many cats about the prison. As may be imagined, we were glad enough to eat them. I have been partner in the killing and eating of three, and besides friends have frequently given me a share of their cat. We cooked ours two ways. One we fried in his own fat for breakfast—another we baked with a stuffing and gravy made of some corn meal—the other we also fried. The last was a kitten—was tender and nice. A compassionate Yankee soldier gave it to me. I was cooking at the stove by the grating which separated us from the guard. This soldier hailed me: "I say, are you one of them fellers that eat *cats*?" I replied, "Yes." "Well, here is one I'll shove thro' if you want it." "Shove it thro'," I answered. In a very few minutes the kitten was in frying order. Our guards were not allowed to relieve our sufferings, but they frequently expressed their sympathy. The Colonel himself told us it was a painful duty to inflict such suffering, but that we knew he was a soldier and must obey orders.

The 3d of March, 1865, dawned upon us laden with rumors of a speedy exchange. The wings of hope had been so often clipped by disappointment, one would have thought it impossible for her to rise very high. "Hope springs," etc., received no denial in our case. Each man was more or less excited. Strong protestations of belief that nothing would come of it were heard on all sides. But the anxiety manifested in turning the rumor over and over, the criticisms upon the source from which it came, and especially the tenacity with which they clung to it in spite of professed disbelief, showed that in the hearts of all the hope that deliverance was at hand had taken deep root. On the 4th the order came to be ready to start in two hours. Soon after one of our ranking officers was told by one of the officials that an order was just received from

Grant to exchange us immediately. We were wild with hope. The chilling despair which had settled upon us for months seemed to rise at once. All were busy packing their few articles. Cheerful talk and hearty laughter was heard all through the prison. "Well, old fellow, off for Dixie at last," was said as often as one friend met another. The alacrity with which the sick and crippled dragged themselves about was wonderful. Soon the drum beat, the line was formed and the roll called. "Forward, march!" Two by two we passed through the entrance to the Fort, over the moat, and then Fort Pulaski was left behind us forever!

One sorrowful thought accompanied us. Our joy could not reach the poor fellows who had suffered with us and fallen victims to hunger and disease, and whose remains lay uncared for, unhonored, aye! unmarked. A good many head-boards, with the name, rank and regiment of the dead had been prepared by friends, but an opportunity to put them up was not given, although it had been promised. We reached Hilton Head without anything remarkable happening. Then we took on our party which had been sent there at the beginning of the retaliation, or "Meal and Pickles," as we used to call it. This party had undergone the same treatment. The greeting between friends was: "How are you, old fellow, ain't dead yet? you are hard to kill." "I'm mighty glad to see you. Have some pickles—or here is some sour meal if you prefer it." The boat in which we started was now so crowded that there was not room for all to sit down. It was so overloaded, and rolled so, that the Captain refused to put to sea unless a larger ship was given to him. Accordingly we were transferred to the ship "Illinois." The sick, about half our number, occupied the lower deck—the rest of us were packed away in the "hole." But no combination of circumstances could depress us as long as we believed we were "bound for Dixie." So we laughed at our close quarters, at ourselves and each other, when sea sick. We were almost run away with by lice, but we off shirts and skirmished with these varmints with the "vim" inspired by "bound" for Dixie."

We reached Fort Monroe on the third day. By this time the filth in the ship was awful—language can't describe the condition of the deck where the sick were. The poor fellows were unable to help themselves, and sea sickness and diarrhoea had made their quarters unendurable. The stench was terrible—the air suffocating. We expected to go right up the James river and be exchanged at City Point. We were most cruelly disappointed. Orders were received to carry us to Fort Delaware. When we learned this we were in despair. The stimulus which had enabled us to bear up all along was gone; we were utterly crushed. The deaths of three of our number during the day and night following told the tale of our utter wretchedness. Their death excited little or no pity. I think the feeling towards them was rather one of envy. I remember hardly anything of our passage from Fort Monroe to

Fort Delaware. A gloom too deep for even the ghost of hope to enter was upon my spirits. I noticed little and cared less. Upon reaching Fort Delaware seventy-five of our number were carried to the prison hospital, and had there been room many more would have gone. We were marched into the same place we had left more than six months before. I had no idea what a miserable looking set of men we were until contrasted with the Fort Delaware prisoners—our old companions. I thought they were the fattest, best dressed set of men I had ever seen. That they looked thus to me, will excite no surprise when I describe my own appearance. A flannel shirt, low in the neck, was my only under-garment. An old overcoat, once white, was doing duty as shirt, coat and vest; part of an old handkerchief tied around my head served as a hat; breeches I had none—an antiquated pair of red flannel drawers endeavored, but with small success, to fill their place. I was very thin and poor and was lame, scurvy having drawn the muscles of my right leg. When I add that I was in better condition, both in flesh and dress than many of our crowd, some idea can be formed of the appearance we made. The prisoners came to our rescue, gave us clothes, subscribed money, and bought vegetables for us. For a long time after our arrival, whenever any one was about to throw away an old crumb or piece of meat or worn out garment, some bystander would call out: "Don't throw that away, give it to some of the poor Pulaski prisoners." The fall of Richmond, Lee's surrender, and, finally, the capitulation of Johnston's army, soon swept from us every hope of a Southern Confederacy. But one course remained, viz: swear allegiance to the Government in whose power we were. Upon doing this, I was released on the 13th of June, 1865.

We next give the following extract from a private letter, written August 4th, 1865, from Great Barrington, Massachusetts, by a Confederate officer, to a lady of Richmond, the full truth of which can be abundantly attested:

I was captured on Tuesday, the 4th of April, near evening. Some four hundred or more, that had been collected during the day, were marched a few miles and stowed away for the night in a small tobacco barn. The next morning we were told that if we could find any meat on the remains of three slaughtered cattle (that had already been closely cut from) we were welcome. No bread or salt was offered, yet it could be had for money. From Tuesday till Friday all that I had given me to eat was *two* ears of *musty* corn and four crackers! During that time we were exposed to the rain, which was continued for days. We were marched through mud and water to City Point, a distance of near one hundred miles by the route taken. The first sustaining food I received was from Mrs. Marable, at Petersburg, and I shall *ever* feel grateful to her for it. We arrived at Point Lookout at night, and

mustered for examination next morning over eighteen hundred. After searching my package and person, taking from me nearly everything that my captors had left me, I was assigned, with two others, to a tent having already twenty-three occupants. I cannot describe the appearance of that tent and the men in it. If there is a word more comprehensive than *filthy* I would use it. It would require a combination of similar adjectives to give any description. There was given me a half loaf of bread and a small rusty salt mackerel, which I was informed was for next day's rations. I declared I would not sleep in the tent, but was told there was no alternative, as the guards or patrol would shoot me if I slept outside. It was a horrible night. Weary, exhausted, almost heart-broken, I ate a part of my scanty loaf, and placed the remainder under my head with the fish. I soon forgot my troubles in sleep. Waked in the morning and found I had been relieved of any further anxiety for my bread, as it had been taken from me by some starving individual, (a common occurrence). The mackerel was left as undesirable. A *chew* of tobacco would purchase two, so little demand was there for them—for many had no means of cooking them. A few hours of reflection—that ever to be remembered morning. There were none there that I had ever seen, except the few acquaintances made on the march. All looked dark, dismal—and the thought I might remain there for months came nearer to making my heart sink in despair than ever before. I thought that must be surely the darkest hour of my existence. While thus lamenting my fate, and almost distrustful of relief, a boy near me asked what regiment I belonged to. I told him the Washington Artillery. "Why," says he, "there is a whole company of them fellows here captured near Petersburg." I began to revive a little on that. For though the saying goes, that "Misery seeks strange bed fellows," I sought for old acquaintances, and soon found them. The surprise was mutual. By the kindness of Mr. Vinson, I had good quarters with him, and was more comfortable. We had a small tent, and *only* six in it. True, we were "packed like sardines" at night, but we were friends, and each one had a pride and disposition to keep as cleanly as we could. The food allowed was as follows: In the morning, early, the men are marched by companies (each about one hundred and fifty) to the "cook houses," and receive a small piece of boiled beef or pork. I do not think the largest piece ever given would weigh three ounces. There is no bread given at this time, and it is a common occurrence for the men to have eaten their scanty allowance in a few mouthfuls without bread. At or near twelve o'clock, M., there is issued to each a half of a small loaf of bread, (eight ounce loaves). The men can then go to the cook-houses and receive a *pint* of miserable soup. That is the last meal for the day. I never tasted of the soup (so called) but once. It was revolting—I might say *revolving* to my stomach. Sometimes, in place of meat, is given salt mackerel or codfish—never of good quality. The

water at the "Point" was horrible, being strongly tinged with copperas and decayed shells, &c. It was obtained from wells in different parts of the enclosure. Near the officers quarters' was one pump from which a little better water was sometimes received by favored ones. This location for a prison was once condemned by a Board of Surgeons on account of the poisonous composition of the water. Many persons were greatly affected by the water, and the food given would barely sustain life—in many cases it did not—and I feel confident that money deaths were caused solely from scanty and unhealthy food, and this too by a Government that had plenty.

Whenever any complaint was made of the food or treatment, the reply would be: "Tis good enough for you, and far better than Andersonville." I depended very little upon the food issued, as in a week after my imprisonment I received money from my friends and was enabled to purchase coffee, etc., and lived well. Most of the Washington Artillery fared well, but it was by purchase rather than favor. The sutlers were most happy to receive our money, and charged more than double the market value for their supplies.

We were fortunate even thus, for there were thousands of that motley group that for months had not a sufficiency of food. I have seen them many times fishing out from the barrels (in which all the filth and offal of the camp is thrown) crusts of bread, potato peelings, onion tops, etc., etc.—in fact, anything from which they might find little sustenance. I had never before witnessed to what great extremity hunger would drive a human being. The discipline of the prison was very strict. The guard was most of the time of colored troops, who, when (as they usually were) badly treated by their officers, would vent their rage upon the prisoners.

Much is said in the papers of the "Dead Line," over which so many "blue coats" had "accidentally" passed and were shot for their "imprudence." In all prisons the penalty for passing the "Dead Line" is well known, and there can be no excuse in such attempt. At Point Lookout Confederate soldiers were shot for being at the pumps for water, which had always been permitted at all hours of night, till the self-constituted restriction of the negro guard caused several men to be severely wounded. I was an eye-witness of many disgusting scenes, almost brutal on the part of the guard, towards simple and ignorant prisoners. That prison was said to be the best of all the Yankee prisons—if so, I am truly sorry for those that were in the others. I know not what Andersonville was. I do not doubt but there was great suffering, but all was done by the Government that could be, and we had not the resources of the world as had the Yankees.

Thus have I given you some particulars. It is really an "unvarnished tale," but *it is true*, and I can safely challenge the denial of a word of it.



## HON. A. M. KEILEY'S NARRATIVE.

In 1866 Hon. A. M. Keiley, (then of Petersburg, but for some years past the scholarly and popular Mayor of Richmond), published a volume on his prison life at Point Lookout and Elmira, which we would be glad to see read by all who really wish to know the truth concerning those prisons. We make the following extracts concerning Point Lookout:

The routine of prison-life at Point Lookout was as follows: Between dawn and sunrise a "reveille" horn summoned us into line by companies, ten of which constituted each division—of which I have before spoken—and here the roll was called. This performance was hurried over with much as haste as is ascribed to certain marital ceremonies in a poem that it would be obviously improper to make a more particular allusion to; and those whose love of a nap predominates over fear of the Yankees, usually tumble in for another snooze. About eight o'clock the breakfasting began. This operation consisted in the forming of the companies again into line, and introducing them under lead of their sergeants into the mess-rooms, where a slice of bread and a piece of pork or beef—lean in the former and fat in the latter being contraband of war—were placed at intervals of about twenty inches apart. The meat was usually about four or five ounces in weight. These we seized upon, no one being allowed to touch a piece, however, until the whole company entered, and each man was in position opposite his ration (universally pronounced *raytion*, among our enemies, as it is almost as generally called with the "a" short among ourselves, symbolical, you observe, of the *shortness* of provant in Dixie). This over, a detail of four or five men from each company—made at morning roll-call—formed themselves into squads for the cleansing of the camp; an operation which the Yankees everywhere attend to with more diligence than ourselves. The men then busied themselves with the numberless occupations which the fertility of American genius suggests, of which I will have something to say hereafter, until dinner-time, when they were again carried to the mess-houses, where another slice of bread, and rather over a half-pint of watery slop, by courtesy called "soup," greeted the eyes of such ostrich-stomached animals as could find comfort in that substitute for nourishment.

About sunset, at the winding of another horn, the roll was again called, to be sure that no one had "flanked out," and, about an hour after, came "taps;" after which all were required to remain in their quarters and keep silent.

The Sanitary Commission, a benevolent association of exempts in aid of the Hospital Department of the Yankee army, published in July, 1865, a "Narrative of Sufferings of United States Officers and Soldiers, Prisoners of War," in which a parallel is drawn be-

tween the treatment of prisoners on both sides, greatly to the disadvantage, of course, of "Dixie."

An air of truthfulness is given to this production by a number of affidavits of Confederate prisoners, which made many a Confederate stare and laugh to read.

They were generally the statements of "galvanized" rebels, "so called;" that is, prisoners who had applied for permission to take the oath, or of prisoners who had little offices in the various pens, which they would lose on the whisper of any thing disagreeable, and *their* testimony is entitled to the general credit of depositions taken "under duress."

But among these documentary statements, in glorification of the humanity of the Great Republic, is one on page 89, from Miss Dix, the grand female dry-nurse of Yankee Doodle (who, by the by, gave, I understand, unpardonable offence to the pulchritude of Yankeedom, by persistently *refusing to employ any but ugly women as nurses*—the vampire)—which affirms that the prisoners at Point Lookout "were supplied with vegetables, with the best of wheat bread, and fresh and salt meat three times daily in abundant measure."

Common gallantry forbids the characterization of this remarkable extract in harsher terms than to say that it is untrue *in every particular*.

It is quite likely that some Yankee official at Point Lookout made this statement to the benevolent itinerant, and her only fault may be in suppressing the fact that she "*was informed*," etc., etc. But it is altogether inexcusable in the Sanitary Commission to attempt to palm such a falsehood upon the world, knowing its falsity, as they must have done. For my part, I never saw any one get enough of any thing to eat at Point Lookout, except the soup, and a teaspoonful of that was *too much* for ordinary digestion.

These digestive discomforts were greatly enhanced by the villainous character of the water, which is so impregnated with some mineral as to offend every nose, and induce diarrhoea in almost every alimentary canal. It colors every thing black in which it is allowed to rest, and a scum rises on the top of a vessel if it is left standing during the night, which reflects the prismatic colors as distinctly as the surface of a stagnant pool. Several examinations of this water have been made by chemical analysis, as I was told by a Federal surgeon in the prison, and they have uniformly resulted in its condemnation by scientific men; but the advantages of the position to the Yankees, as a prison pen, so greatly counterbalanced any claim of humanity, that Point Lookout I felt sure would remain a prison camp until the end of the war, especially as there are wells outside of "the Pen," which are not liable to these charges, the water of which is indeed perfectly pure and wholesome, so that the Yanks suffer no damage therefrom. The ground was inclosed at Point Lookout for a prison in July, 1863, and the first instalment of prisoners arrived there on the 25th of that

month from the Old Capitol, Fort Delaware and Fort McHenry, some of the Gettysburg captures. One hundred and thirty-six arrived on the 31st of the same month from Washington, and on the 10th of August another batch came from Baltimore, having been captured at Falling Waters. Every few weeks the number was increased, until they began to count by thousands.

During the scorching summer, whose severity during the day is as great on that sand-barren as anywhere in the Union north of the Gulf, and through the hard winter, which is more severe at that point than anywhere in the country south of Boston, these poor fellows were confined here in open tents, on the naked ground, without a plank or a handful of straw between them and the heat or frost of the earth.

And when, in the winter, a high tide and an easterly gale would flood the whole surface of the pen, and freeze as it flooded, the sufferings of the half-clad wretches, many accustomed to the almost vernal warmth of the Gulf, may easily be imagined. Many died outright, and many more will go to their graves crippled and racked with rheumatisms, which they date from the winter of 1863-4. Even the well-clad sentinels, although relieved every thirty minutes (instead of every two hours, as is the army rule), perished in some instances, and in others lost their feet and hands, through the terrible cold of that season.

During all this season the ration of wood allowed to each man was an arm-full for five days, and this had to cook for him as well as warm him, for at that time there were no public cook-houses and mess-rooms.

An additional refinement of cruelty was the regulation which always obtained at Point Lookout, and which I believe was peculiar to the prison, under which the Yanks stole from us any bed-clothing we might possess, *beyond one blanket!* This petty larceny was effected through an instrumentality they called *inspections*. Once in every ten days an inspection was ordered, when all the prisoners turned out in their respective divisions and companies in *marching order*. They ranged themselves in long lines between the rows of tents, with their blankets and haversacks—those being the only articles considered orthodox possessions of a rebel. A Yankee inspected each man, taking away his extra blanket, if he had one, and appropriating any other superfluity he might chance to possess; and this accomplished, he visited the tents and seized every thing therein that under the convenient nomenclature of the Federals was catalogued as “contraband”—blankets, boots, hats, any thing. The only way to avoid this was by a judicious use of greenbacks—and a trifle would suffice—it being true, with honorable exceptions, of course, that Yankee soldiers are very much like ships: to move them, you must “slush the ways.”

In the matter of clothing, the management at Point Lookout was simply infamous. You could receive nothing in the way of clothing without giving up the corresponding article which you might

chance to possess; and so rigid was this regulation, that men who came there barefooted have been compelled to beg or buy a pair of worn-out shoes to carry to the office in lieu of a pair sent them by their friends, before they could receive the latter. To what end this plundering was committed I could never ascertain, nor was I ever able to hear any better, or indeed any other reason advanced for it, than that the possession of extra clothing would enable the prisoners to bribe their guards! Heaven help the virtue that a pair of second-hand Confederate breeches could seduce!

As I have mentioned the guards, and as this is a mosaic chapter, I may as well speak here as elsewhere of the method by which order was kept in camp. During the day, the platform around the pen was constantly paced by sentinels, chiefly of the Invalid (or, as it is now called, the Veteran Reserve) Corps, whose duty it was to see that the prisoners were orderly, and particularly, that no one crossed "the dead-line." This is a shallow ditch traced around within the inclosure, about fifteen feet from the fence. The penalty for stepping over this is death, and although the sentinels are probably instructed to warn any one who may be violating the rule, the order does not seem to be imperative, and the negroes, when on duty, rarely troubled themselves with this superfluous formality. Their warning was the click of the lock, sometimes the discharge of their muskets. These were on duty during my stay at the Point every third day, and their insolence and brutality were intolerable.

Besides this detail of day-guard, which of course was preserved during the night, a patrol made the rounds constantly from "taps," the last horn at night, to "reveille." These were usually armed with pistols for greater convenience, and as they are shielded from scrutiny by the darkness, the indignities and cruelties they oftentimes inflicted on prisoners, who for any cause might be out of their tents between those hours, especially when the patrol were black, were outrageous. Many of these were of a character which could not by any periphrase be decently expressed—they were, however, precisely the acts which a set of vulgar brutes, suddenly invested with irresponsible authority, might be expected to take delight in; and, as it was of course impossible to recognize the perpetrators, redress was unattainable, even if one could brook the sneer and insult which would inevitably follow complaint. Indeed, most of the Yankees did not disguise their delight at the insolence of these Congoes.

Under date of Thursday, June 16th, he writes:

Saw to-day, for the first time, the chief provost-marshal, Major H. G. O. Weymouth. He is a handsome official, with ruddy face, a rather frank countenance, and a cork-leg. He conducts this establishment on the "*laissez faire*" principle—in short, he lets it alone severely. Whatever the abuses or complaints, or reforms, the only way to reach him is by communications through official channels, said channels being usually the authors of the abuses!

It may be easily computed how many documents of this description would be likely to meet his eye.

Two or three times a week he rides into camp with a sturdy knave behind him, at a respectful distance—makes the run of one or two streets, and is gone, and I presume sits down over a glass of brandy and water, and indites a most satisfactory report of the condition of the "rebs," for the perusal of his superior officer, or plies some credulous spinster with specious fictions about the comfort, abundance, and general desirableness of Yankee prisons. The Major bears a bad reputation here, in the matter of money; all of which, I presume, arises from the unreasonableness of the "rebs," who are not aware that they have no rights which Yankees are bound to respect.

*Friday, June 17th.*—A salute of thirteen guns heralded this morning the arrival of General Augur, who commands the department of Washington. About twelve M., the general, with a few other officials, made the tour of camp, performing, in the prevailing perfunctory manner, the official duty of inspection.

Nothing on earth can possibly be more ridiculous and absurd than the great majority of official inspections of all sorts; but this "banged Bannagher." General Augur did not speak to a prisoner, enter a tent, peep into a mess-room, or, so far as I saw, take a single step to inform himself how the pen was managed.

Weymouth probably fixed up a satisfactory report, however, when the general's brief exhibition of his new uniform to the appalled "rebs" was over.

Visited all my comrades to-day, and, with one exception, found them all suffering like myself from exhausting diarrhœa, induced by the poisonous water.

In his narrative of prison life at Elmira, after speaking in high terms of the kindly feeling towards the prisoners shown by Major Colt, the commandant of the prison, Mr. Keiley writes as follows:

In the executive duties of his office, Major Colt was assisted by fifteen or twenty officers, and as many non-commissioned officers, chiefly of the militia or the veteran reserves. Among them were some characters which are worth a paragraph.

There was a long-nosed, long-faced, long-jawed, long-bearded, long-bodied, long-legged, endless-footed, and long-skirted curiosity, ye!pt Captain Peck, ostensibly engaged in taking charge of certain companies of "rebs," but really employed in turning a penny by huckstering the various products of prisoners' skill—an occupation very profitable to Peck, but generally unsatisfactory, in a pecuniary way, to the "rebs." Many of them have told me of the impossibility of getting their just dues from the prying, round-shouldered captain, who had a snarl and an oath for every one out of whom he was not, at that instant, making money.

Another rarity of the pen was Lieutenant John McC., a braw

chiel frae the land o' cakes, who was a queer compound of good-nature and brutality. To some of us he was uniformly polite, but he had his pistol out on any occasion when dealing with the majority of the "Johnnies," and would fly into a passion over the merest nothing, that would have been exceedingly amusing, but for a wicked habit he had of laying about him with a stick, a tent pole—any thing that fell into his hands. He was opening a trench one day, through the camp, when, for the crime of stepping across it, he forced a poor, sick boy, who was on his way to the dispensary for medicine, to leap backwards and forwards over it till he fell from exhaustion amid the voluble oaths of the valiant lieutenant. One Lieutenant R. kept McC. in countenance by following closely his example. He is a little compound of fice and weasel, and having charge of the cleaning up of the camp, has abundant opportunities to bully and insult, but being, fortunately, very far short of grenadier size, he does not use his boot or fist as freely as his great exemplar. No one, however, was safe from either of them, who, however accidentally and innocently, fell in their way, physically or metaphorically.

Of the same block Captain Bowden was a chip: a fair-haired, light-moustached, Saxon-faced "Yank"—far the worst type of man, let me tell you, yet discovered—whose whole intercourse with the prisoners was the essence of brutality. An illustration will paint him more thoroughly than a philippic. A prisoner named Hale, belonging to the old Stonewall brigade, was discovered one day rather less sober than was allowable to any but the loyal, and Bowden being officer of the guard, arrested him and demanded where he got his liquor. This he refused to tell, as it would compromise others, and any one but a Yankee would have put him in the guard-house, compelled him to wear a barrel shirt, or inflicted some punishment *proportionate to his offence*. All this would have been very natural, but not Bowdenish, so this valorous Parolles determined to apply the torture to force a confession! Hale was accordingly tied up by the thumbs—that is, his thumbs were fastened securely together behind his back, and a rope being attached to the cord uniting them, it was passed over a cross bar over his head and hauled down, until it raised the sufferer so nearly off the ground that the entire weight of his body was sustained by his thumbs, strained in an unnatural position, his toes merely touching the ground. The torture of this at the wrists and shoulder joints is exquisite, but Hale persisted in refusing to peach, and called on his fellow-prisoners, many of whom were witnesses of this refined villainy, to remember this when they got home. Bowden grew exasperated at his victim's fortitude, and determined to gag him. This he essayed to accomplish by fastening a heavy oak tent-pin in his mouth; and when he would not open his mouth sufficiently—not an easy operation—he struck him in the face with the oaken billet, a blow which broke several of his teeth and covered his mouth with blood!



On the other hand, some of the officers were as humane and merciful as these wretches were brutal and cowardly, and all who were my fellow-prisoners will recall, with grateful remembrance, Captain Benjamin Munger, Lieutenant Dalgleish, Sergeant-Major Rudd, Lieutenant McKee, Lieutenant Haverly, commissary of one of the regiments guarding us, a whole-souled Fenian, formerly in the book-business in New York, and still there probably, and one or two others.

These officers were assigned in the proportion of one to every company at first, but to every three hundred or four hundred men afterwards, and were charged with the duty of superintending roll-calls, inspecting quarters, and seeing that the men under their charge got their rations; and *the system* was excellent.

During the month of July, four thousand three hundred and twenty-three prisoners were entered on the records of Elmira prison, and by the 29th of August, the date of the last arrivals, nine thousand six hundred and seven.

The barrack accommodations did not suffice for quite half of them, and the remainder were provided with "A" tents, in which they continued to be housed when I left the prison in the middle of the following October, although the weather was piercingly cold. Thinly clad as they came from a summer's campaign, many of them without blankets, and without even a handful of straw between them and the frozen earth, it will surprise no one that the suffering, even at that early day, was considerable.

As I left, however, the contributions of the Confederate Government, which, despairing of procuring an exchange, was taxing its exhausted energies to aid the prisoners, began to come in.

An agent was in New York selling cotton for the purpose, and many boxes of blankets and coarse clothing were furnished from the proceeds of the sale.

This tender regard was a happy contrast to the barbarity of Washington management, which seemed to feel the utmost indifference to the sufferings of its soldiers, and embarrassed their exchange by every device of delay and every suggestion of stubbornness.

As I have spoken of the military government of Elmira prison, it may not be inappropriate to pursue the statistical view, now that I am in it, by a brief chapter on the Medical and Commissary Departments, before I resume the thread of the more personal portion of my narrative.

The chief of the former department was a club-footed little gentleman, with an abnormal head and a snaky look in his eyes, named Major E. L. Sanger. On our arrival in Elmira, another surgeon, remarkable chiefly for his unaffected simplicity and virgin ignorance of everything appertaining to medicine, played doctor there. But as the prisoners increased in numbers, a more formal and formidable staff was organized, with Sanger at the head.

Sanger was simply a brute, as we found when we learned the

whole truth about him *from his own people*. If he had not avoided a court-martial by resigning his position, it is likely that even a military commission would have found it impossible to screen his brutality to the sick, although the fact that the United States hanged no one for the massacre of Indian women and sucking infants during the year 1865, inspires the fear that this systematic \* \* \* of Confederate prisoners would have been commended for his patriotism.

He was assisted by Dr. Rider, of Rochester, one of the few "copperheads" whom I met in any office, great or small, at the North. My association was rather more intimate with him than with any one of the others, and I believe him to have been a competent and faithful officer. Personally, I acknowledge his many kindnesses with gratitude. The rest of the "meds" were, in truth, a motley crew in the main, most of them being selected from the impossibility, it would seem, of doing any thing else with them. I remember one of the worthies, whose miraculous length of leg and neck suggested "crane" to all observers, whose innocence of medicine was quite refreshing. On being sent for to prescribe for a prisoner, who was said to have bilious fever, he asked the druggist, a "reb," in the most *naïve* manner, what was the usual treatment for that disease! Fortunately, during his stay at Elmira, which was not long, there were no drugs in the dispensary, or I shudder to picture the consequences. This department was constantly undergoing changes, and I suspect that the whole system was intended as part of the education of the young doctors assigned to us, for as soon as they learned to distinguish between quinine and magnesia they were removed to another field of labor.

The whole camp was divided into wards, to which physicians were assigned, among whom were three "rebel" prisoners, Dr. Lynch, of Baltimore, Dr. Martin, of South Carolina, and Dr. Graham, formerly of Stonewall Jackson's staff, and a fellow-townsmen of the lamented hero. These ward physicians treated the simplest cases in their patients' barrack, and transferred the more dangerous ones to the hospitals, of which there were ten or twelve, capable of accommodating about eighty patients each. Here every arrangement was made that *carpenters* could make to insure the patients against unnecessary mortality, and, indeed, a *system* was professed which would have delighted the heart of a Sister of Charity; but, alas! the practice was quite another thing. The most scandalous neglect prevailed even in so simple a matter as providing food for the sick, and I do not doubt that many of those who died perished from actual starvation.

One of the Petersburg prisoners having become so sick as to be sent to the hospital, he complained to his friends who visited him that he could get nothing to eat, and was dying in consequence, when they made application for leave to buy him some potatoes and roast them for him. Dr. S. not being consulted, the request was granted, and when, a few hours afterwards, the roasted potatoes

were brought in, the poor invalids on the neighboring cots crawled from their beds and begged the peelings to satisfy the hunger that was gnawing them.

When complaint was made of this brutality to the sick, there was always a convenient official excuse. Sometimes the fault would be that a lazy doctor would not make out his provision return in time, in which case his whole ward must go without food, or with an inadequate supply, till the next day. Another time there would be a difficulty between the chief surgeon and the commissary, whose general relations were of the stripe characterized by S. P. Andrews as "cat-and-dogamy," which would result in the latter refusing to furnish the former with bread for the sick! In almost all cases the "*spiritus frumenti*" failed to get to the patients, or in so small a quantity after the various *tolls* that it would not quicken the circulation of a canary.

But the great fault, next to the scant supply of nourishment, was the inexcusable deficiency of medicine. During several weeks, in which dysentery and inflammation of the bowels were the prevalent diseases in prison, there was not a grain of any preparation of opium in the dispensary, and many a poor fellow died for the want of a common medicine, which no family is ordinarily without—that is, if men ever die for want of drugs.

There would be and is much excuse for such deficiencies in the South—and this is a matter which the Yankees studiously ignore—inasmuch as the blockade renders it impossible to procure any luxuries even for our own sick, and curtails and renders enormously expensive the supply of drugs of the simplest kind, providing they are exotics; but in a nation whose boast it is that they do not feel the war, with the world open to them and supplies of all sorts wonderfully abundant, it is simply infamous to starve the sick as they did there, and equally discreditable to deny them medicines—indispensable according to Esculapian traditions. The result of the ignorance of the doctors, and the sparseness of these supplies, was soon apparent in the shocking mortality of this camp, notwithstanding the healthfulness claimed for the situation. This exceeded even the reported mortality at Andersonville, great as that was, and disgraceful as it was to our government, if it resulted from causes which were within its control.

I know the reader, if a Northern man, will deny this, and point to the record of the Wirz trial. I object to the testimony. There never was, in all time, such a mass of lies as that evidence, for the most part, could have been proved to be if it had been possible to sift the testimony or examine, before a jury, the witnesses. I take, as the basis of my comparison, the published report made by four returned Andersonville prisoners, who were allowed to come North on their representation that they could induce their humane Government to assent to an exchange. *Vana spes*. Edwin M. Stanton would have seen the whole of them die before he would give General Lee one able-bodied soldier.

These prisoners alleged (I quote from memory) that out of a population of about thirty-six thousand at that pen, six thousand, or *one-sixth of the whole*, died between the first of February and the first of August, 1864. Now at Elmira the quota was not made up till the last of August, so that September was the first month during which any fair estimate of the mortality of the camp could be made. Now, OUT OF LESS THAN NINE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED PRISONERS ON THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER, THREE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SIX DIED THAT MONTH.

At Andersonville the mortality averaged a thousand a month out of thirty-six thousand, or *one thirty-sixth*. At Elmira it was three hundred and eighty-six, out of nine thousand five hundred, or *one twenty-fifth of the whole*. At Elmira it was four per cent.; at Andersonville, less than three per cent. If the mortality at Andersonville had been as great as at Elmira, the deaths should have been one thousand four hundred and forty per month, or fifty per cent. more than they were.

I speak by the card respecting these matters, having kept the morning return of deaths for the last month and a half of my life in Elmira, and transferred the figures to my diary, which lies before me; and this, be it remembered, in a country where food was cheap and abundant; where all the appliances of the remedial art were to be had on mere requisition; where there was no military necessity requiring the government to sacrifice almost every consideration to the inaccessibility of the prison, and the securing of the prisoners, and where Nature had furnished every possible requisite for salubrity.

And now that I am speaking of the death-record, I will jot down two rather singular facts in connection therewith.

The first was the unusual mortality among the prisoners from North Carolina. In my diary I find several entries like the following:

*Monday, October 3d.*—Deaths yesterday, 16, of whom 11 N. C.

*Tuesday, October 4th.*—Deaths yesterday, 14, of whom 7 N. C.

Now, the proportion of North Carolinians was nothing, even approximating what might have been expected from this record. I commit the fact to Mr. Gradgrind. Can it be explained by the great attachment the people of that State have for their homes?

The second was the absolute absence of any death from intermittent fever or any analogous disease.

Now I knew well that many of the sick died from this and kindred diseases produced by the miasma of the stagnant lake in our camp; but the reports, which I consolidated every morning, contained no reference to them. I inquired at the dispensary, where the reports were first handed in, the cause of this anomaly, and learned that Dr. Sanger *would sign no report which ascribed to any of these diseases the death of the patient!* I concluded that he must have committed himself to the harmlessness of the lagoon in question,

and determined to preserve his consistency at the expense of our lives—very much after the fashion of that illustrious ornament of the profession, Dr. Sangrado, who continued his warm water and phlebotomy merely because he had written a book in praise of that practice, although “in six weeks he made more widows and orphans than the siege of Troy.”

I could hardly help visiting on Dr. Sanger the reproaches his predecessor received at the hands of the persecuted people of Valladolid, who “were sometimes very brutal in their grief,” and called the doctor and Gil Blas no more euphonious name than “ignorant assassins.”

Any post in the medical department in a Yankee prison-camp is quite valuable on account of the opportunities of plunder it affords, and many of the virtuous “meds” made extensive use of their advantages. Vast quantities of quinine were prescribed that were never taken, the price (eight dollars an ounce) tempting the cupidity of the physicians beyond all resistance; but the grand speculation was in whiskey, which was supplied to the dispensary in large quantities, and could be obtained for a consideration in any reasonable amount from a “steward” who pervaded that establishment.

I ought not to dismiss this portion of my description of matters medical without adding that the better class of officers in the pen were loud and indignant in their reproaches of Sanger’s systematic inhumanity to the sick, and that they affirmed that he avowed his determination to stint these poor helpless creatures in retaliation for alleged neglect on the part of our authorities! And when at last, on the 21st of September, I carried my report up to the major’s tent, with the ghastly record of TWENTY-NINE DEATHS YESTERDAY, the storm gathered, which in a few weeks drove him from the pen, but which never would have had that effect if he had not, by his rudeness, attained the ill-will of nearly every officer about the pen whose good-will was worth having.

I ascend from pills to provender.

The commissary department was under the charge of a cute, active ex-bank officer, Captain G. C. Whiton. The ration of bread was usually a full pound *per diem*, forty-five barrels of flour being converted daily into loaves in the bake-shop on the premises. The meat-ration, on the other hand, was invariably scanty; and I learned, on inquiry, that the fresh beef sent to the prison usually fell short from one thousand to twelve hundred pounds in each consignment. Of course when this happened many had to lose a large portion of their allowance; and sometimes it happened that the same man got bones only for several successive days. The expeditors resorted to by the men to supply this want of animal food were disgusting. Many found an acceptable substitute in rats, with which the place abounded; and these Chinese delicacies commanded an average price of about four cents apiece—in greenbacks. I have seen scores of them in various states of preparation, and have been assured by those who indulged in them that worse things have been eaten—an estimate of their value that I took on trust.

Others found in the barrels of refuse fat, which were accumulated at the cook-house, and in the pickings of the bones, which were cut out of the meat and thrown out in a dirty heap back of the kitchen, to be removed once a week, the means of satisfying the craving for meat, which rations would not satisfy. I have seen a mob of hungry "rebs" besiege the bone-cart, and beg from the driver fragments on which an August sun had been burning for several days, until the impenetrable nose of a Congo could hardly have endured them.

Twice a day the camp poured its thousands into the mess-rooms, where each man's ration was assigned him; and twice a day the aforesaid rations were characterized by disappointed "rebs" in language not to be found in a prayer-book. Those whose appetite was stronger than their apprehensions frequently contrived to supply their wants by "flanking"—a performance which consisted in joining two or more companies as they successively went to the mess-rooms, or in quietly sweeping up a ration as the company filed down the table. As every ration so flanked was, however, obtained at the expense of some helpless fellow-prisoner, who must lose that meal, the practice was almost universally frowned upon; and the criminal, when discovered, as was frequently the case, was subjected to instant punishment.

This was either confinement in the guard-house, solitary confinement on bread and water, the "sweat-box" or the barrel-shirt. The war has made all these terms familiar, except the third, perhaps; by it I mean a wooden box, about seven feet high, twenty inches wide and twelve deep, which was placed on end in front of the major's tent. Few could stand in this without elevating the shoulders considerably; and when the door was fastened all motion was out of the question. The prisoner had to stand with his limbs rigid and immovable until the jailer opened the door, and it was far the most dreaded of the *peines fortes et dures* of the pen. In midsummer, I can fancy that a couple of hours in such a coffin would inspire Tartuffe himself with virtuous thoughts, especially if his avoirdupois was at all respectable.

Rev. Dr. I. W. K. Handy, of the Presbyterian Church of Virginia, who was arrested on an utterly frivolous charge and made a prisoner at Fort Delaware, and whose evangelical labors among the prisoners were so greatly blessed, has published a volume of 670 pages, entitled "United States Bonds," in which he gives a vivid account of the indignities, cruelties and sufferings to which the prisoners there were subjected. We regret that we have only space for a brief extract. Under date of November the 6th, 1863, Dr. Handy thus writes in his diary:

A letter is found in the Philadelphia *Inquirer* of to-day, giving a terrible account of the sufferings of the Yankee prisoners at Rich-



mond. The statement is, palpably, exaggerated and highly colored, and bears the impress of prejudice and great effort for effect. Almost every illustration adduced in the article will apply to Fort Delaware, and to these may be added instances of individual cruelty and oppression, which would put to shame the unscrupulous statements of this writer, who claims to have been a Federal chaplain.

It has not been uncommon here for our half-clothed, half-fed Confederates at the barracks to be ordered about in the coarsest and roughest manner by their inferiors, and to be knocked on the head with sticks, or to be stuck with bayonets, for the slightest offences; and, sometimes (for no crime whatever), men have been shot at or cruelly murdered by sentinels, who bore malice, and justified themselves upon the plea that they were trying to prevent escapes. Sick men have been kept at the barracks until perfectly emaciated from diarrhoea, without the necessary sick vessels, and have been obliged to stagger, through the quarters, to the out-house on the bank of the river, with filth streaming upon their legs; and then, unable to help themselves, they have fallen upon the pathway, and have been found dead in the morning—victims of cruel neglect. Barefooted, bareheaded and ragged men, tottering with disease, have been left to suffer long for the necessary clothing or medicines, which might have been abundantly supplied; men scarcely convalescent have been made to *walk* from one end of the Island to the other in changing hospitals, thus bringing on a relapse in almost every case, and have died in a few days thereafter. Physicians, in contract service, have gone daily into the hospitals, saturated with liquor, and without looking at the tongue or feeling the pulse, have tantalized the poor sufferers with the prescription, "Oh, you must eat! You must eat!" and without either furnishing them with medicine or meat, have left them to die. Sick men, on entering the hospitals, have been denuded of their clothing, and when getting a little better, have been forced to walk over damp floors in their stocking-feet and drawers to the water closet, at a remote end of the building—thus exposing themselves to cold and the danger of a relapse. Men have been dismissed from the hospitals to go to Point Lookout without hat, shoes or blanket; hundreds have been exposed to the danger of contracting the small-pox from coffins filled with loathsome bodies, left for hours together on the wharf, whilst prisoners have been embarking for exchange; the dispensary has remained not only for days, but for weeks together, without some of the most important and common medicines; prisoners have been "bucked and gagged" for the most trivial offences; and the very dead have been robbed of their last shirts, placed in rough coffins, perfectly naked, and then hurried into shallow, unmarked graves.

Much of all this cruelty and inhumanity may not have been designed by those highest in authority, and had they known it, might not have received their sanction, but it has occurred under their administration, and they are, to a greater or less extent, accountable for it all. Were full details given in relation to these matters, they

would be astounding and perhaps incredible. In this place they are referred to with no disposition to exaggerate, nor to prejudice. Some of them could not, perhaps, have been well avoided, but are recorded simply as an offset to the "Chaplain's" details.

The murder of Colonel E. P. Jones by a sentinel is thus described by Dr. Hardy in his diary, under date of July 3d, 1864:

A lamentable affair occurred at "the rear," about dusk, this evening. Many persons are now suffering with diarrhoea, and crowds are frequenting that neighborhood. The orders are to go by one path and return by the other. Two lines of men, going and coming, are in continual movement. I was returning from the frequented spot and, in much weakness, making my way back, when, suddenly, I heard the sentinel challenge from the top of the water-house. I had no idea he was speaking to me, until some friends called my attention to the order. I suppose my pace was too slow for him. I passed on; and as frequent inquiries were made in regard to my health, I was obliged to say to friends, "we have no time to talk; the sentinel is evidently restless or alarmed, and we are in danger."

I had scarcely reached my quarters, before a musket fired; and it was, immediately, reported that Colonel E. P. Jones had been shot.

The murder of Colonel Jones is the meanest, and most inexcusable affair that has occurred in the officers' quarters; or that has come under my own observation since my imprisonment at Fort Delaware. I did not see him fall; but have learned from Captain J. B. Cole, who was an eye-witness to the whole scene, that although he was standing within ten steps of the man that killed him, he heard no challenge, nor any order to move on. The first intimation he had of the sentinel's displeasure was the discharge of the musket, and the simultaneous exclamation of the Colonel—"Oh, God! Oh, God! My God, what did you shoot me for? Why didn't you tell me to go on? I never heard you say anything to me!"—and with a few such exclamations, he sank upon the ground; and then fell, or rather rolled, down the embankment.

Colonel Jones has been in the barracks so short a time, that I have not had the pleasure of making his acquaintance. I have only learned that he is an intelligent physician, of considerable property and influence, and that he is from Middlesex county, Virginia. Since he came to Fort Delaware, he has been, constantly, suffering with some affection of the feet, causing lameness.

At the time he was shot, he was hobbling along, with one shoe, and was carefully stepping down a rough place, near the water-house, buttoning his pants. He could not have been more than twenty steps from the point of the musket. It is said that the murderer seemed, all day, to be seeking an opportunity to shoot some one. It is also reported that Captain Ahl was seen on the top of the shanty, giving some orders, only a few moments before

the catastrophe. These are all the facts that I can learn, concerning this melancholy affair, except that Colonel Jones has been taken to the hospital, and that there is no prospect of his recovery.

*Friday, 8th.*—The boy who shot Colonel Jones is again on guard, this morning; and it is reported that he has been promoted to a corporality. He belongs, I think, to an Ohio regiment, is about eighteen years old, and is known as "Bill Douglas."

Unusual watchfulness prevailed during the night. New sentinels were on guard, in every direction. A noisy fellow tramped under my window until daylight. Guards have been posted inside of "the pen," and everything indicates apprehension, on the part of the Yankees, and danger to the prisoners.

General Schœpf visited "the pen," accompanied by Captain Ahl, and other officers. They were evidently excited, and moved quickly from place to place. Some of the officers were anxious to have an interview, and pressed upon them for a word. I succeeded in halting the General, and spoke to him myself, about the recklessness of the sentinels, and the great danger to which I was personally exposed just before the shooting last night. He referred to the repeated attempts which had, lately, been made to effect escape; spoke decidedly of his purpose to put a stop to the whole thing; and excused the guards. "They shoot down any man," said he, "who tries to get away."

Captain Ahl averred that Colonel Jones had been challenged; and justified the sentinel. Several bystanders insisted, that he was quietly returning from "the rear," and that there was no cause for the murder. Ahl affirmed that he was near by when the shooting took place, and that he had ordered the sentinel to fire at the first man that stopped on the thoroughfare.

I appealed to General Schœpf, to hear a statement of the case; and told him that I had always supposed him to be a humane officer, and disposed to do what was right. He was evidently embarrassed by the presence of Ahl; and nervously moved off towards the gate, followed by his attendants. He was there surrounded by another company of prisoners, who tried to get an audience. He refused to hear them; and referred them to "Dr. Handy," urging as he went out—"He knows I want to do right."

Colonel Jones lingered a few hours, and died in great agony.

Dr. Handy has kindly placed in our hands his private letter-book containing a large number of statements of prison experience by his fellow-prisoners. We can only extract one of these.

STATEMENT OF REV. GEORGE HARRIS, OF UPPERVILLE, VIRGINIA.

On the morning of the 30th of August our quiet village was thrown into excitement by a report of the approach of Yankees. From the fact that private citizens had recently been arrested and carried from their homes by raiding parties, nearly every male inhabitant of the village felt it to be unsafe to remain at home;

and I have reason to believe that I was the only man left in town upon their arrival. I relied upon my sacred calling for security from molestation, and as usual awaited in my own house their coming. Shortly after their arrival, I observed a man coming around my house to the *back* door, as though ashamed to approach by the front entrance, and according to my usual custom, I advanced to meet him and learn his business, when the following conversation ensued:

Yankee. Are you the man of this house?

Answer. I am.

Yankee. What's yer name?

Answer. My name is Harris; what is yours?

Yankee. My name? Why my name is ———.

Then looking around, he espied some of the servants in the kitchen, a detached building, and awkwardly moved off to see them. I returned to my seat at my secretary and resumed my occupation of reading. In a few minutes he returned, and leaning against the lintel of the door, said: "Guess you can go with me." "Go with you," said I; "Where shall I go with you?" "Up to headquarters." I arose, took my cane, and walked about a quarter of a mile to the main body of the command. The first officer with whom I met was a brainless, conceited Lieutenant, whose name I never learned. He, without any kind of salutation, accosted me in a manner meant to be extremely scornful, and asked why I had not sent Mosby word they were coming and wanted to meet him. I said to him, "Sir, if you really wished to see Mosby, and desired me to notify him of your coming, why did you not inform me of the fact in time?" "Do you think he would have come?" he queried. "It is extremely probable he would," I replied. He ordered me then to be conducted to the Major. I was taken up to his quarters, and there learned that the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, commanded by Major Waite, a little dapper newspaper correspondent formerly, as I have learned, were my captors. I demanded of this man the cause of my arrest. He replied that he was carrying out his instructions. I asked if I might know what those instructions were. He said, to arrest all men between seventeen and fifty. I reminded him that I was a minister of the gospel, and not subject to military duty. He replied, that if upon my arrival in Washington that fact should appear, I would be released. He ordered me to be taken to a Captain Townsend, who had charge of the prisoners. I declared my purpose to return home for a change of underclothing before I would consent to go, and he might use his pleasure either to take my pledge to return, or to send a man with me as a guard. Yankee-like, he preferred the latter alternative, as, having no such regard for his own word as to prefer faithfulness to a pledge to life itself, he could not believe it to be a trait in the character of any other.

I was obliged to make my few preparations in the most hurried manner, and having commended my family to God, I proceeded

to report myself to my captors again. I found on my return that a large number of citizens had been picked up, among the rest, General Asa Rogers, a gentleman over sixty years of age, and Rev. O. A. Kinsolving, of the Episcopal church. We were moved off, I suppose, about 2 P. M., and proceeded to Aldie, about thirteen miles. Here we halted, and immediately the men scattered to plunder, and every hen-roost in the village was despoiled in a few minutes. Women and children were running through the streets, some screaming, all looking for officers to protect them. Of the nature and extent of their depredations we could only judge by the declarations of such as passed us; all were crying that they were being robbed of everything they had. After remaining here long enough to sack the village completely, they hurried us on to Mt. Zion Meeting House, five miles below Aldie, where we bivouacked on the ground, without blankets, and only a few hard crackers—all any of us had had since morning—for supper. The following morning they issued to us more of the "hard-tack," as they termed it, and some salt pork, which we broiled by sticking it upon the ends of twigs and holding in the blaze of the fire.

As soon as breakfast was over we were once more on the road, and at a most rapid pace. Proceeding nearly to Drainesville, the rear of the column was fired upon, when our gallant Major, dreading an ambuscade, tacked nearly right about, and at an increased speed proceeded nearly to Fairfax Courthouse, and then turning again toward the Potomac, carried us on to Falls Church, halting only about an hour in a very strong position to feed their horses. Thus these gallant fellows who, about 700 strong, had started out, as they said, expressly to catch Mosby, succeeded in capturing thirty-two *citizens*, in stealing some twenty-five horses, robbing private citizens along the whole line of their march of all kinds of supplies, and through fear of an attack made, on their return, a march of not less than forty-five or fifty miles in one day. On the morning of September 1st, Major Waite took occasion to insult us by his profane language and vain boasting of what he had done and was yet to do. His pickets being fired on, however, the camp was thrown into the utmost commotion, and we were hurried off again toward Washington.

Owing to various delays, we were not brought to Washington until afternoon. Near the city we were turned over to Captain Berry and Lieutenant Trask, who treated us with the utmost politeness, and seemed desirous to do all in their power to oblige us and render us comfortable. On arriving in the city we were remanded to the Old Capitol Prison, and paraded through the streets to show to the good and loyal citizens of the capital of "the greatest nation on earth," that the "good work was going bravely on." At the Old Capitol our fare was horrible for several days; the meat given us was putrid, and few of us could eat our bread with the meat before us. A change for the better, however, took place pretty soon after we had an interview with the superintendent, and the fare became

pretty palatable. We were shown many indulgencies, too, until it was ascertained that the most of us would not even take a parole such as they were administering to many citizen prisoners; when suddenly we were informed that we were to be sent off to Fort Delaware, to be subjected at that abode of horrors to severe treatment, in retaliation for treatment of a similar character alleged to have been extended to citizens of the North in Southern prisons. And here we are, exposed in a degree that threatens seriously our health, if not the lives of some of our party. But "hitherto hath the Lord helped us," and in Him is our trust; we will not fear what man can do unto us.

Mr. Harris, one the most devoted and useful ministers in Virginia, contracted disease at Fort Delaware, from which he was a great sufferer until, a few years after the war, death came to "set the prisoner free."

The following deposition of Mr. T. D. Henry was originally written at Oak Grove, Kentucky, in 1866, and was sent to us a few weeks ago:

DEPOSITION OF T. D. HENRY.

Seeing that the Congress of the United States has appointed a committee to investigate the treatment of Federal prisoners in Southern prisons, I have determined, in my feeble manner, to give an account of what I saw and know to be true, as happening in Federal prisons. I was captured with General Morgan at Salenville, Ohio, July 26th, 1863. After capture was carried to Camp Chase, Ohio, where I remained about one month. I was then, together with all the prisoners at that place, carried to Camp Douglas, Illinois. Prison life from September 1863, until the 12th of April 1864, was comparatively such as a man who, according to the fates of war, had been captured might expect, especially when a captive of a boasted Christian nation. Rations were of very good quality and quantity, the only thing unpleasant was the various and severe punishments which the commandant of the camp (Colonel C. V. Deland) saw fit to inflict. If you bribed one of his guards or escaped by any other means, and was afterwards recaptured and brought back, he would have you tied up by the thumbs just so as the toe would reach the ground. I have known men punished thus, until they would grow so deathly sick that they would vomit all over themselves, their heads fall forward and almost every sign of life become extinct; the ends of their thumbs would burst open; a surgeon standing by would feel their pulse and say he thought they could stand it a little longer. Sometimes he would say they had better be cut down. If this failed to cause them to tell who assisted them in escaping, they were then thrown into an iron-clad dungeon ten by ten square, with a single window ten inches by ten. Think of a man staying in this place forty or fifty days, when it was as full as it could be, their only privy being a little hole in the floor,



from which all the odor arose in the room. When this failed a sixty-four pound ball and chain was placed upon their leg, with chain so short as to compel its wearer to carry the ball in their hand, or get some one to pull it in a little wagon while they walked at the side, the chain about twenty-eight inches in length. Some of the balls were worn more than six months. A great many escaped by tunneling. On one occasion a tunnel was discovered under the barrack occupied by (Cluke's regiment) the eighth Kentucky cavalry. Without trying to find out who dug the tunnel, the whole regiment was formed in column of eight deep, and a guard placed around them with instructions to shoot the first man who sat down; this was just after sun up; at two o'clock a man who had just returned the day before from the small-pox hospital, unable to stand longer fell; a guard saw him and fired; one man was killed dead, two others were wounded, one of them losing an arm, as it was afterwards cut off. This same fellow, who did the shooting, was promoted to a corporal's position, whether for this act or not, it is impossible to say, for he affirmed that he would not take \$100 for his gun, as that was the eleventh prisoner he had shot with it. This shooting was carried to such an extent that if a man in going from his barrack to the privy should stop at night he was shot at. If more than five were seen together in the day, or if two at night, the same thing occurred. If any one was heard to whisper at night, or the least ray of light was seen, the guard would fire into the barracks at once. In each barrack there was only two stoves to two hundred men, and for a stove to warm one hundred men, it was frequently red hot. When taps were sounded (*i. e.* "lights out") the fire in the stoves could not be put out immediately. The boys were afraid to go to the stove, for some one was nightly killed in the attempt to extinguish the light. A ball fired from a gun which would ordinarily shoot a thousand yards, would, when fired at a close object, go through three or four barracks, sometimes flattening itself against the barrack, more often burying itself in the vitals of some sleeper, who little thought that that was to be his last sleep on this earth. On one occasion as the flag which floated in front of the commandant's quarters was being hoisted the rope broke, letting the flag fall, which being seen by the regiment to which I belonged (second Kentucky cavalry), a terrific yell was given. This so incensed the Yankees that a certain valiant Captain, Gaffeny by name, marched his company, some eighty strong, up to our barracks; had the regiment formed and went up and down the line kicking the men, and swearing that his company, about eighty strong, could whip the whole camp of about five thousand.

About this time Colonel Deland was ordered to the front. He was succeeded by Colonel B. J. Sweet as commandant of camp, Colonel Skinner as commissary of prisoners, and a fiend named Captain Webb Sponable as inspector of prisoners.

From this time forward the darkest leaf in the legends of all tyranny could not possibly contain a greater number of punishments.

Our whole camp was rearranged; the parapet guard were ordered not to fire unless some one tried to escape; a police guard was placed in the prison to do all the devilment which the infernally fertile mind of Captain Sponable could invent; starvation was carried on quite systematically. Our rations for breakfast consisted of five ounces of bread and six ounces of fresh beef. As the rations for two hundred men were boiled in a sixty-gallon kettle, it was necessary in order to cook it done, to boil it to shreds. In fact there was no more nutritious matter in it than in an old dish cloth, for dinner one pint bean soup and five ounces of bread, *this was our living*. This was not regularly issued, for the slightest offence would cause the captain's direful anger to be aroused, and as he would make most by stopping our rations this was quite a favorite punishment.

His mildest punishment was to get a scantling two inches wide, shave it down until it was only half inch thick on top and put legs about seventeen feet long to it. (This horse, when finished, was called Morgan). Now, for the slight offence of looking at a guard the boys have been placed on this horse for hours, their feet hanging down. Sometimes the Yanks would laugh and say, I will give you a pair of spurs, which was a bucket of sand tied to each foot; also to set the boys astraddle the roof of a dog house. I have seen men who had been left in this condition until the skin and flesh was cut nearly to the bone. Men in the winter would get so cold that they would fall off. When warmed they were put back. Another slight punishment was to saw a barrel in two, cut a hole in one end so as to allow a man's head to go through, but leave the barrel around his shoulders, then march him in the sun until the rays reflected from the barrel would swell his head almost twice its natural size. I have seen men's faces peel all over from this innocent amusement of the guards.

If the least sign of water or spit was seen on the floor the order was, "Come, go to the horse or point for grub," which was to stand with the legs perfectly straight, reach over, and touch the ground with the fingers. If the legs were bent in the least, a guard was present with a paddle, which he well knew how to use. When the guards grew weary of this punishment, another was to make the men pull down their pants and sit, with nothing under them, on the snow and frozen ground. I have known men to be kept sitting until you could see their prints for some days afterwards in the snow and ice. When they got weary of this, they commenced whipping, making the men lay on a barrel, and using their belts, which had a leaden clasp with sharp edge, the belt would often gather wind so as to turn the clasp edgeways; every lick inflicted thus cut entirely through the skin.

If more than five men were seen together, or if anyone was heard to whisper or spit upon the floor, it was certain to be followed by one of these punishments. Frequently men sick in barracks were delirious; sometimes one or two in a barrack were crazy. These

were the cause of a whole barrack of men being mounted on a horse or punished in other ways. Sometimes a guard would come in, and swear he heard some one whispering. He would make four or five men get up, with nothing but their underclothes to protect them against a climate where the thermometer stood twenty degrees below zero. Shooting about this time was less frequent. The fiends were satisfied with such punishment as would most likely end in death. At this period we were reinforced by the prisoners captured in front of Nashville. They, after being cooped up in the cars four or five days, were nearly dead for water. The hydrants were frozen up, and we had eaten all the snow inside the prison. The poor fellows would lay down at or as close to the dead-line as possible, and reach their arm through and pull the snow to them. I saw one of the guards standing twenty-five steps from a prisoner thus engaged shoot at him three times. Fortunately the police guards were armed with pistols; had it been a rifle the poor fellow must have died the first shot.

Think of a man's mind being racked by all of these punishments, for the innocent suffered as well as the guilty, and as frequently, when no one was to blame, were all punished; and it is almost a miracle that anyone should have remained there twenty months without losing his reason.

T. D. HENRY,

*Company E, Duke's Regiment, Second Kentucky Cavalry, General J. H. Morgan's command.*

Sworn to before me this third day of March, 1876.

WILL. A. HARRIS,

*Notary Public in and for San Bernardino county, State of California.*

The following statement of Major Robert Stiles of Richmond, Virginia, will be received by his large circle of friends and acquaintances as the testimony of a gentleman "without fear and without reproach."

STATEMENT OF MAJOR ROBERT STILES.

I was a prisoner of war at Johnson's Island and Fort Lafayette from April to October, 1865, having been captured at Sailor's creek. During this time I did not suffer seriously to my own person from bad treatment, but saw and heard no little of the suffering of others.

The Southern field officers were released from Johnson's Island in May or June, but I was held a prisoner because I declined to take the somewhat remarkable oath propounded to us, and refused to give in addition my word of honor that I would say nothing against the Government of the United States.

At Johnson's Island all the formidable nomenclature and enginery of prison discipline were in vogue. We had our "dead line" within and up some distance from the tall fence which formed "the pen,"

which line, if a prisoner crossed, the guard, posted on a plank walk near the top of the fence, was under orders to fire upon him. We had our "*lights out*"—after which, if, for any cause, a lamp or fire was lit, the guard had orders to fire upon the offending light. These orders were sometimes executed with fatal result; and it was currently reported that at least one man of the guard had been promoted to a sergeantcy, for killing a wretched prisoner who, unable to endure the frightful cold, had risen to kindle a fire. We had our "*black-hole*" in which "*refractory*" prisoners were punished, solitary, dark, damp and cramped.

At this, as at all other Federal prisons, the *rations* of prisoners were at sundry times reduced below the amount confessedly indispensable to the maintenance of a man in full health—in retaliation as was alleged for the starvation of Federal prisoners in Confederate prisons. During my stay on the Island, the war being substantially over, the *discipline* and management were more liberal, and the ration, though meagre, larger than it had been; the sutler, too, was open, and the few prisoners fortunate enough to obtain money lived reasonably well, but the majority still suffered from lack of food. After being an inmate of the pen for a few days and observing the really pitiful hunger and destitution, I organized a system of collection from the messes who had money, and patronized the sutler and distribution among the less favored who starved on the prison ration. I fed from a hundred to a hundred and fifty men every day, and this moment can well recall the scene at the daily distribution. I would form them in line, count them off in squads or messes of ten, appointing an orderly for each mess, and then separating my provisions, consisting of scraps more or less fragmentary, into as many piles as there were orderlies, deliver one pile to each orderly for distribution among his mess. After this was done the poor fellows would break ranks and scuffle on the bare ground under the table for the crumbs. These men were all officers of the Confederate armies—most of them field officers.

The *clothing* issued to our prisoners was quite as scanty as the rations, the post surgeon's certificate, that it was absolutely necessary in each individual case, being required to entitle a man to an overcoat—and that for Southern men exiled on a bleak island swept by chill tempests, with the thermometer frequently more than twenty degrees below zero. In order to get one of these certificates, a man was required to stand in line in the open air scantily clad, waiting his time to enter the surgeon's office and submit to an examination to test the condition of his lungs, &c. It can readily be imagined how many were saved from pneumonia and consumption by this humane distribution of overcoats. It is well known that the supply of blankets was totally inadequate until the offer of our Government to trade cotton for clothing for our prisoners was accepted. Of course I did not personally suffer from exposure to cold, being on the Island only during the spring and summer months, but I not only heard of these scenes and regulations from many men

who had wintered on this desert isle, but just before my release, I talked with a gentleman who had resigned or been removed from the place of post surgeon because of his repeated but fruitless protests that it was impossible to maintain men in health while half fed and half clad, and who in particular had attempted to evade the barbarous regulation about overcoats, by giving out certificates, as rapidly as he could write or sign them, that the bearer needed an overcoat on the score of health.

At Fort Lafayette we were well fed; but I have never been able to understand by what rule or principle of civilized warfare, an honorable prisoner of war could be immured for weeks in a stone casemate, among deserters, and prisoners under charges for violating the laws of war.

It gives me pleasure to state that I experienced great kindness from some of the Federal officers during my imprisonment, and especially from a Major Lee, who succeeded Colonel Hill at Johnson's Island. He had lost an arm I think in Gen. Sickles's corps at Gettysburg. The surgeon of whose humanity mention was made above, was not the only Federal officer who during my brief prison experience protested to his superiors against the inhumanity of the prison regimen.

The following statement can be vouched for as strictly accurate :

ROCK ISLAND PRISON, 1864-5.

By Charles Wright, of Tennessee.

I record here my experience in Rock Island Prison, simply as a contribution to history. For the truth of what I state, in some cases I refer to official documents, and in others I refer to thousands of witnesses yet living.

The treatment of prisoners in Northern prisons is a subject that has received little attention from the press, and consequently is little understood. The charges of cruelty to prisoners, made with such confidence against the South, on a recent occasion, for the purpose of political aggrandizement, and which recalls the old story of "Stop thief," where the thief bawled the loudest, makes it necessary in common justice to ventilate the Northern prisons. This could not have been done within the past eleven years for obvious reasons.

The Federal soldier returning home to a land of plenty, his necessities anticipated by benevolent associations, his spirits cheered by the sympathy of a grateful people, and his services rewarded with bounties and pensions by a generous Government, found leisure and encouragement to recount his sufferings and privations to eager listeners, and the air was filled with cries for vengeance on his jailors. But the Confederate soldier returning home from a Northern prison to a land of famine, found his substance wasted and his energies enfeebled; disfranchised and beggared, he forgot

his past sufferings in his present wretchedness; he had neither the time to lament, nor the inclination to talk about his treatment in prison; he was thankful if his health permitted him to labor for those dearer to him than himself, and for the cripple and the invalid there was no resource. There was no lack of sympathy, but his friends were the poor. Thus it happened that the cruelty practised in Northern prisons never came to light. The victor monopolized the story of suffering as well as the spoils.

I arrived at Rock Island prison, Illinois, on the 16th January, 1864, in company with about fifty other prisoners, from Columbus, Kentucky. Before entering the prison we were drawn up in a line and searched; the snow was deep, and the operation prolonged a most unreasonable time. We were then conducted within the prison to Barrack No. 52, and again searched—this time any small change we had about our persons was taken away and placed to our credit with an officer called the Commissary of Prisoners. The first search was probably for arms or other contraband articles. The prison regulations were then read, and we were dismissed. Rock Island is in the Mississippi river, about fifteen hundred miles above New Orleans, connected with the city of Rock Island, Illinois, on the East, and the city of Davenport, Iowa, on the West, by a bridge. It is about three miles in length.

The prison was 1,250 feet in length by 878 feet in width, enclosing twenty-five acres. The enclosure was a plank fence, about sixteen feet high, on the outside of which a parapet was built about twelve feet from the ground. Here sentinels were placed overlooking the prison. About twenty feet from the fence, on the inside, was what was called the "Dead Line"—at first marked with stakes, afterwards by a ditch—over which it was death to pass. The barracks were sixty feet from the fence, the width between each barrack thirty feet, and streets one hundred feet wide between each row of barracks. Two avenues, one the length of the prison, and ninety feet wide, the other in length the width of the prison, and one hundred and thirty feet wide, divided the space enclosed into four equal divisions each containing twenty-one barracks, making a total of eighty-four. These barracks were each one hundred feet long by twenty-two feet wide, and contained three tiers of bunks—platforms of rough plank for sleeping. About fifteen feet of the rear of the room was partitioned off for a cook-room, and was furnished with a stove and boiler. The main room had two stoves for burning coal—this article being cheap and abundant. Each barrack was constructed to receive one hundred and twenty men. The sinks were first erected in the centre of the streets, but afterwards built on the dead line; there being no sewerage, tubs were used, and details of prisoners every morning carried the tubs to the river, a most disgusting duty. Towards the end of the war a sewer was made in one of the avenues extending to the river, the prisoners being employed in blasting rock for that purpose.



The chief executive officers were a commandant of the post and a provost marshal, the latter having the immediate care and government of the prisoners, assisted by a number of deputies. The parapet was first guarded by a regiment of old men, called Greybeards, afterwards by the 197th Pennsylvania Volunteers, and from July, 1864, by the 108th United States Colored Infantry. The duty of calling the roll of prisoners was performed by several companies of the Fourth Veteran Reserve Corps. These men were soldiers who had seen service in various regiments, and on account of wounds or other disabilities were formed into corps for prison duty. Each barrack was in charge of a prisoner appointed by the provost marshal, called the orderly of the barrack. All orders concerning the prisoners were communicated to these orderlies by the provost marshal. The roll was called three times a day, and the barracks inspected every morning. One letter only could be written each week, not to exceed a page, and no subject concerning the prison or its regulations could be referred to. Newspapers were prohibited. The last two precautions were, however, frequently evaded. Thrifty Federal soldiers employed in the prison would receive a number of letters collected by a prisoner, and mail them outside the prison for a fee of twenty-five cents on each letter. Newspapers were brought in by the same parties and sold for twenty-five cents a number. Occasionally they were searched and discovered, and tied up by the thumbs. Frequent searches were made of the barracks for clothing. In these searches the provost marshal's men would carry off whatever *they* considered surplus clothing, leaving scant wardrobes to those unfortunates who had not prepared for the visit by secreting their extra drawers, shirt, &c. The sutler of the post supplied prisoners who had money to their credit with the commissary of prisoners with such articles as they needed. This was done through orders, the sutler's wagon delivering the goods once a week. This arrangement, however, ceased as regards any article of food, in August, 1864. I refer to the order in another place.

The winter of 1863-4 was intensely cold. During this time some poor fellows were without blankets, and some even without shoes. They would huddle around the stoves at night and try to sleep. The feet of those who had no shoes, or were poorly protected, became sore and swollen, and in one case that I saw, mortification no doubt ensued, for the man was taken from my barrack to the hospital and died in a few days.

The severity of the weather caused cleanliness of person and clothing to be disregarded by some, and as a consequence scarcely a man escaped the itch. Early in 1864 the small-pox broke out in the prison. The authorities were not prepared for the appearance of this fearful disease—the hospitals not being finished. The infected and the healthy men were in the same barrack. The disease spread so rapidly there was no room in the buildings outside the prison, and certain barracks within the enclosure were set apart for

small-pox hospitals. Prisoners who had had the small-pox were detailed for nurses to those who were sick. The surgeons vaccinated the men at intervals, but apparently with little effect. The death rate at this time was alarming. On the 9th March, 1864, twenty-nine men had died in the hospital from my barrack, which did not have its full complement of men. I noted the names of the men to that date. They are the following :

R. Shed, T. J. Smith, Allen Screws, D. W. Sandlin, Joe Shipp, D. L. Trundle, J. H. Wood, J. J. Webster, J. J. Akins, Thomas Pace, William Tatum, W. H. Dotson, W. R. Jones, C. E. Middleton, R. R. Thompson, William T. St. John, Samuel Hendrix, Jere. Therman, E. Stallings, E. Sapp, Thomas Burton, M. E. Smithpeter, J. M. Ticer, J. L. Smith, John Graham, T. W. Smallwood, Jonathan Faw, G. L. Underwood, C. R. Mangrum.

Now assuming the barrack contained one hundred and twenty men, which was its full complement, the death rate to March 9, 1864, was twenty-five per cent.

The provost marshal's abstract for May 12, 1865, has the following figures :

Number of prisoners received, - - -	12,215
Died, - - - - -	1,945
Entered United States navy, - - -	1,077
Entered United States army, (frontier service), - - -	1,797
Released, - - - - -	1,386
Transferred, - - - - -	72
Escaped, - - - - -	45
Exchanged, - - - - -	3,729
	<hr/> 10,051
Remaining in prison May 12, 1865, - - -	<hr/> 2,164

As all the prisoners were discharged in June, 1865, this date (May 12) is near enough for our purpose. It shows that nearly sixteen per cent. died during the eighteen months Rock Island was used as a prison. This number (1,945) includes those who were killed by the sentinels—the killed not being classified by the provost marshal.

The number released (1,386) includes those who having offered to join the United States navy or army were rejected by the surgeons as physically disqualified. More than fifty per cent. of the released were of this class. The balance were principally Missourians, captured during Price's last raid. These claimed to be Union men, and having proved their loyalty to the satisfaction of the Secretary of War, were released by his order. The prisoners transferred were officers originally brought to Rock Island, but afterwards sent to Johnson's Island or other military prisons.

In April, 1864, the sentinels on the parapet commenced firing at the prisoners and into the barracks, and this practice continued

while I remained. I am ignorant as to the orders the sentinels received, but I know that the firing was indiscriminate, and apparently the mere caprice of the sentinels. Going to the sinks at night was a most dangerous undertaking, for they were now built on the "dead line," and lamps with reflectors were fastened to the plank fence—the sentinel above being unseen, while the man approaching the sink was in full view of the sentinel. Frequently they would halt a prisoner and make him take off his pants in the street, and then order him to come to the sink in his drawers, (if he had any). I have heard the cocking of a gun presented at myself while going to the sink at night, but by jumping into an alley between the barracks I saved myself the exercise of walking to the sink in my drawers or from receiving the contents of the gun. I find this entry in my diary on June 10, 1864: "Attacked with diarrhoea in the night. Afraid to go near the sink." I cannot say that the sentinels had positive orders to shoot on each occasion, but that they received encouragement to do so, and were relieved of all responsibility for such acts, is certain from the following orders, which were publicly promulgated to the orderlies of barracks by the provost marshal, to wit:

May 12, 1864.—Ordered, that no prisoner be out of his barracks after "taps."

May 13, 1864.—Ordered, any prisoner shouting or making a noise will be shot.

It was noticed and discussed among the prisoners, that the shooting was most violent immediately after a Confederate success. I noted some cases that came under my own observation, but by no means a complete list; in fact, the prisoners became so accustomed to the firing from the parapet, that unless it occurred near his side of the prison, a man would take little notice of it.

1864.

April 27—Prisoner shot by sentinel.

May 27—One man killed and one wounded in the leg.

June 9—Franks, Fourth Alabama Cavalry, killed last night at barrack No. 12. He was shot by the sentinel on the parapet as he was about to step into the street. His body fell into the barrack, and lay there till morning. The men afraid to go near him during the night.

22—Bannister Cantrell, Co. G., 18th Georgia, and James W. Ricks, Co. F., 50th Georgia, were shot by the sentinel on the parapet. They were on detail working in the ditch, and had stopped to drink some fresh water just brought to them.

26—Prisoner shot in leg and arm while in his bunk at barrack 55.

During August, and part of September, I was confined to my bunk with dysentery, and have few entries in my diary.

1864.

- September 26—William Ford, Co. D, Wood's Missouri Battery, of  
barrack 60, killed by sentinel on the parapet.  
He was returning from the sink, and shot through  
the body at the rear of barrack 72.
- 26—T. P. Robertson, Co. I, Twenty-fourth South Caro-  
lina, shot by sentinel on parapet, and wounded  
in the back, while sitting in front of barrack 38,  
about 8 o'clock this morning.
- 26—T. J. Garrett, Co. K, Thirteenth Arkansas, shot by  
sentinel on parapet during the night while going  
to the sink.
- 27—George R. Canthew, of barrack 28, shot by sentinel  
on parapet.
- 28—Sentinel shot into barrack No. 12 through the  
window.
- October 4—Man killed in the frontier pen by negro sentinel.
- 21—I was taken out of the prison and paroled, to re-  
main at headquarters of the post.

In none of the above cases were the men attempting to escape or violating any of the known rules of the prison.

The firing of the 26th September was regarded as the parting salute of the 197th Pennsylvania Volunteers, that regiment being relieved at guard-mount by the 108th United States Colored Infantry.

The first call for prisoners to join the United States service was in March, 1864. It was proposed to release all who offered to enter the Navy, and were rejected by the surgeon. According to the provost marshal's abstract 1,077 recruits were obtained. The next call was on the 11th September, 1864. This was for the purpose of organizing regiments for frontier service, that is, for the Indian country. For a time very few availed themselves of this chance to get something to eat, and repeated calls were made. At length, a separate enclosure being built, it was announced that the gates would be open all night, and candidates would be received at any time. Then a remarkable change took place. The frontier service became quite popular. Men who had ridiculed others for joining, decamped during the night and enrolled *themselves* in the frontier service. This latter arrangement partook rather of the character of a private speculation. A certain Judge Petty, of the oil regions of Pennsylvania, came to Rock Island with authority from the President of the United States, and offered a bounty of \$100 to each man enlisted, with the assurance that such as were rejected by the surgeon should be released. Each man enlisted was a substitute for a citizen of Venango, Clarion, and other adjoining counties of Pennsylvania, who had been drafted to serve in the United States army. It was reported that these citizens paid \$300 each to Judge Petty to obtain a substitute, but whatever he received, I know

that only \$100 each was paid the enlisted men for the frontier service. Captain H. R. Rathbone, United States army, came from Washington, and mustered the men into service. I was detailed to assist in preparing the muster-rolls, and can vouch for all the foregoing except the \$300, which I leave with the citizens of Venango, Clarion, and other counties represented in the war by the prisoners of Rock Island. If the report be true, Judge Petty "struck oil" at Rock Island for 1,797 times \$200, or \$359,400.

Until June 1st, 1864, no reasonable complaint could be made in regard to the food furnished the prisoners; but from that date until June, 1865, the inmates of Rock Island were subjected to starvation and all its attendant horrors. I know that this charge was denied by the officers of that prison at the very time the atrocity was being perpetrated. God may forgive whoever caused the deed to be done, but surely there is little hope for whoever denies it now. The following is a copy of a circular from the Commissary General of Prisoners, dated June 1st, 1864. It is the ration ordered for each prisoner per day:

Pork or Bacon.....	10 ounces,	in lieu of fresh beef.	
Fresh beef.....	14 ounces.		
Flour or soft bread....	16 ounces.		
Hard bread.....	14 ounces,	in lieu of flour or soft bread.	
Corn meal.....	16 ounces,	in lieu of flour or soft bread.	
Beans or peas.....	12½ pounds,		
Or rice or hominy.....	8 pounds,		
Soap.....	4 pounds,		} to 100 rations.
Vinegar.....	3 quarts,		
Salt.....	3½ pounds,		

Now all this means only bread and meat—sixteen ounces of the former, and fourteen ounces of the latter; and we will add one-hundredth part of eight pounds of hominy. For let the reader observe that if hominy is issued, rice or peas or beans is not issued. Here, then, we have only three articles of food according to the official document, but in so far as that represents the quantities and the kind of articles issued to the prisoners, it is a fraud; as Paul wrote the Galatians, "Behold, before God, I lie not." Here is what the prisoners actually received:

Twelve ounces corn bread, four and a half ounces salt beef (usually unfit for human food). No man can conceive the effect of this diet. To realize what he *would* eat at the end of a month he must experience this treatment for a month. Did the prisoners eat rats and mice and dogs when they could get them? What would they not eat? The cravings of hunger were never relieved. One continued gnawing anguish, that sleep aggravated rather than appeased was ever present. They did eat rats and mice to my knowledge.

The dogs were missing, and who will doubt that the starved wretches, who ate rats, had feasted on the dogs. What difference is there between my statement and the official circular? I say twelve ounces bread; it says sixteen ounces. I say four and a half ounces salt beef; it says ten ounces salt pork. I say two articles of

food, the circular mentions three. The bread we received was made of corn meal, in loaves shaped like bricks, and about as hard. The salt beef had a most offensive odor. An orderly asked an officer of the prison to step into his barrack and smell the beef; he did so, but merely remarked he had often eaten worse. Depravity had reached its limit in his case, for he was doing violence to his stomach in even smelling that beef.

I find this note in my diary July 10, 1864: "Nothing to eat till one o'clock," and again September 18th: "Nothing to eat at all this day." For some reason the bread wagon did not come in; the bread was issued daily, and the meat which was issued every ten days, had been consumed. There is not at first glance very much difference between my statement and the commissary's circular, and for a few days the difference in *quantity* would be immaterial, but when the *quality* of the food, and the weary sameness through many months is considered, even the commissary's allowance would have been a sumptuous repast. Think of it for a moment. We will take his bacon, and his beans, and his soft bread, that is all to be sure, but what a meal, when compared with the stinking salt beef, and the hard corn bread.

When the order reducing the ration, dated June 1st, 1864, went into effect, those prisoners who were fortunate enough to have money to their credit with the commissary, could still obtain flour from the sutler, and large quantities were brought in every week. The commissary's journal would prove this, and at the same time show the scarcity of bread within the prison.

Prisoners who had no money wrote to their friends for food; and those who had no friends who were able to send them food, were not all neglected; for the Christian women of the North came to their assistance, with food and clothing; and continued active and untiring, even in the face of official insolence, until the order from the Commissary General of Prisoners, dated Washington, August 10th, 1864, cut the prisoners off from the outside world, and all hope of assistance. No more food from friends; no more flour from the sutler; no more clothing; no prospect of exchange; no hope of release, no more visits from wife or mother. Under these circumstances the wonder is that more men did not join the United States army. Disease followed as a matter of course, and the death rate is fully accounted for.

On the 10th October, 1864, being a British subject, I addressed a protest to Lord Lyons, then the British minister at Washington, from which I make the following extracts:

\* \* \* I further declare that the food issued to us is unwholesome, insufficient and productive of disease; \* \* \* that we are strictly prohibited by circular No. 4, dated Office of Commissary General of Prisoners, Washington, D. C., August 10th, 1864, from receiving, by purchase or otherwise, vegetables or other provisions, in consequence scurvy is prevalent and other diseases generated.  
\* \* \* Subject as I am to the pangs of hunger, to disease, to a



violent death, I appeal to your lordship to demand a mitigation of the rigor of my present situation."

This was made known to the United States Government, by the British minister, in a letter to Mr. Seward, dated October 20th, 1864, in these words: \* \* \* "Wright complains very much of the quantity and quality of the food he gets as being insufficient and generative of disease. I hope that his case may be attended to, and that I may hear something soon upon the subject."

A few days after this I was paroled to assist in the clerical duties of the post adjutant's office, and remained there until released in June, 1865.

It must not be supposed that my correspondence with the British minister left the prison in the prescribed channel. I had tried that, and found that certain letters of mine did not reach him. My communications were smuggled out in the manner I have described in this paper, and sent under cover to friends in St. Louis and Albany, who mailed them. I mention this because the Secretary of War took some credit to himself for liberality in my case, as will be seen from the following extract of a letter addressed to Mr. Seward:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON CITY,  
October 12th, 1864.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Mr. Wright makes no complaint of harsh treatment, and the papers which he presents show that the officers who have had him in charge have rendered him every facility in submitting his appeal.  
\* \* \* \* \*

If Mr. Seward was misled by this statement in regard to my treatment, he was certainly undeceived when he received the British minister's note, dated October 20th, of which I have given an extract.

The wretched condition of the prisoners at Rock Island was well known to the citizens of Rock Island City and Davenport.

At the request of Judge Grant of the latter city, on the 20th of September, 1864, I made a faithful statement of the treatment and condition of the prisoners; and for this purpose, in company with others, I visited a number of barracks. The bread and the meat were carefully weighed, and the quality of the food truthfully reported. The judge desired a plain statement, without exaggeration or comment, to use in an effort he was about to make at Washington to ameliorate the condition of the prisoners. As no change for the better took place, the presumption is that Judge Grant did not succeed in his benevolent mission. I have mentioned that the officers of the prison denied the charge of cruelty, at a time when the poor wretches within the walls were sinking under the starvation diet I have described. That denial was made necessary in

consequence of the following letter, which appeared in the *New York News* in January, 1865:

[From a Private Letter.]

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, December 27, 1864. .

\* \* \* "The condition and suffering of the Rebel prisoners at Rock Island is a source of agony to every heart not absolutely dead to the feelings of common humanity and the scantiest Christian mercy. There are from six to eight thousand confined here. Many have taken 'the oath'—any oath to save themselves from actual starvation. These released prisoners, though liberated at different intervals of time, all tell the same story. The allowance to each man has been one small loaf of bread (it takes three to make a pound), and a piece of meat two inches square per day. This was the rations! Lately it has been reduced. Think of it reduced! All the released ones say that no man can live on the rations given, and that there are men that would do anything to get enough to eat! Such is the wretched, ravenous condition of these poor starving creatures, that several dogs which have come to the barracks with teams have fallen victims to their hunger, and they are trapping rats and mice for food, actually to save life. Many of them are nearly naked, bare-footed, bare-headed, and without bed-clothes; exposed to ceaseless torture from the chill and pitiless winds of the upper Mississippi. Thus, naked and hungry, and in prison, enduring a wretchedness which no tongue can describe, no language tell, they suffer from day to day—each day their number growing less by death—death, their only comforter—their only merciful visitor!

God in heaven! Shall these things continue? Can we hope for success in our cause? Will a merciful and just God bless and prosper it, if such cruel inhumanity is practiced by our rulers? May we not provoke a terrible and just chastisement at His hands? No Christian heart, knowing the facts, can feel otherwise.

Many charitable persons, influenced by no other motives than common humanity and Christian duty, have sent supplies of clothing to these prisoners, but they have not been permitted to reach them. I have heard of sales of such clothing having been made across the river at Davenport, at very low prices. Is it possible that the authorities at Washington know of and approve these things.

A good many have taken the oath, stating afterwards to citizens that they did so really to save them from starvation. I learn that there are about five thousand confined here, who have resolved to die rather than do so. Although they are wrong, is there not a sublime heroism in the adherence of these men, amid such trials, to a cause which they believe to be right?"

This exposure was denounced by a Chicago paper as "An infamous Rebel falsehood," and "an attempt to justify the Rebels in starving our prisoners." The Chicago journalist may be excused on the ground of ignorance, but not so the officers of the prison;

as principals or as tools they committed this outrage on humanity for the sake of their commissions, like the Irish jurors portrayed by Curran, "Conscience swung from its moorings, and they sought safety for themselves in the surrender of the victims."

But hunger was not the only cause of suffering, clothing was prohibited. The provost marshal took possession of all boxes and packages addressed to prisoners—these were opened and examined—and until August, 1864, with the exception of some pilfering, usually reached the owner; but after that date, the prisoners were not permitted to receive anything sent by friends or relatives. How much clothing and provisions fell into the hands of the provost marshal and his men after August, will never be known. What they did with the booty may be readily guessed. On the 22d February, 1865, three Confederate officers arrived, and distributed clothing to the prisoners, but the worst part of the winter had then been endured, for want of that covering the jailors had taken away. I have given my own experience until October, 1864, but I know that the suffering was even more terrible during the following winter. In a climate where the well clothed sentinels were relieved at short intervals to prevent their freezing to death, nature demands a generous food to sustain life; but the last winter in Rock Island prison presented a scene of destitution only to be equaled by a crew of cast-aways in the frozen ocean, and this too where the sound of Sabbath bells were heard. It was a pleasant sound to many who felt that their troubles were nearly ended; it seemed a prelude to the melody that awaited them in a better land. But to those who could not die, whose vitality doomed them to suffer, what a mockery the sound seemed to them; what rebellious thoughts of God's injustice took possession of their souls, and would not down while tortured with the cravings of hunger. I have realized these things. I have noted one day that I tasted no food. It was Sunday the 18th September, 1864. I was recovering from a severe attack of dysentery. I was very hungry. The church bells were ringing as I eagerly watched the great gate of the prison hoping it would open, and the bread wagon would come in, but hour after hour passed away, and there was no sign, evening came on and I gave up all hope. I had lingered near that gate all day. Hunger is delirium, and the gospel is not for the famished body. The good men who sometimes preached for us had had their breakfasts. The Government that sent us preachers would not send us bread.

Dr. Handy has preserved in his letter-book an original copy of

PRISON RULES AT FORT DELAWARE,

which we give in full:

HEADQUARTERS FORT DELAWARE,  
July 8th, 1864.

I. Roll call at reveille and retreat.

II. Police call at 7 A. M. and 4 P. M.

III. Breakfast call at 8 A. M.; dinner, 2 P. M.

IV. Sergeants in charge of the prisoners will exact from them a strict compliance with the above calls, which will be regularly enforced, and must promptly report to the officer in charge, the number present and absent, sick, etc.; and any who are guilty of insubordination, or any violation of the rules of this prison. They must also notify their men that if they do not promptly obey any order given them by a sentinel, officer, or men in charge of them, they will be shot.

V. Sergeants in charge will be held responsible for the due execution of these rules, and for the regular accounting for the number of their men.

By command A. Schœpf, Brigadier-General.

(Signed)

GEORGE W. AHL,  
Captain and A. A. G.

We have received a paper from Mr. John A. Bateson, of Pioche, Nevada, one of the Federal guard at Rock Island, which is a strong confirmation of the above statement of Mr. Wright.

Mr. Bateson is vouched for by a district judge and a prominent lawyer of Pioche as a gentleman of "perfect truthfulness and reliability"; and he refers to a number of leading Republicans in the Northwest, with whom he has always been politically associated, "for an endorsement of his character as a staunch Republican and honorable man."

His, therefore, is not "Rebel" testimony, but that of a Union soldier, and "a truly loyal Republican," whom Mr. Blaine cannot dismiss with the cry of "traitor."

TESTIMONY OF A FEDERAL SOLDIER.

PIOCHE, February 19, 1876.

During a period of ten months I was a member of the garrison of the Rock Island Military Prison. There were confined there about ten thousand men. Those men were retained in a famishing condition by order of Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War. That order was approved by Abraham Lincoln. It was read before the inside garrison of the prison sometime in January, 1864. It was

read at assembly for duty on the 2d, in front of the prison. It went into effect on the following day. It continued in force until the expiration of my term of service, and, I have understood, until the close of the war.

When it was read, Colonel Shaffner, of the Eighth Veteran Reserves, was acting Provost Marshal of Prisoners. I think that it was Captain Robinson who read the order. It reduced the daily allowance of the captives to about ten ounces of bread and four ounces of meat per man.

Some time in January a batch of prisoners arrived. They were captured at Knoxville. Sixty of them were consigned to barracks under my charge. They were received by me at about 3 in the afternoon. One of the prisoners inquired of me when they would draw rations. I told him not until the following day. He said that in that case some of his comrades must die, as they had eaten nothing since their capture several days before—the exact period I cannot state. That evening at roll call one of the prisoners exhibited symptoms of delirium. He moved from the ranks, and seemed to grasp for something, which I understood to be a table loaded with delicacies. I returned him to the ranks, where he remained until roll-call was over, when I left. On the following morning he and two others were dead.

The mortality report among the *new Reds* was extraordinarily large. I think it amounted to about ten per cent. of the entire number. It created an interest among the company commandants, and was the subject of many expressions. From the Rebel orderlies I learned that the symptoms in each case were the same. There was no complaint; no manifestation of illness. Some dropped while standing on the floor; others fell from a sitting posture. All swooned and died without a struggle.

Some of the prisoners had money sent them. It was deposited with the Provost Marshal, and their orders on the sutler were at first honored, but supplies from this direction were soon prohibited; the sutler's wagon was excluded from the prison. Supplies from relatives of prisoners, consisting of clothes, food and stationery came for some. The parcels containing them were distributed from "Barrack Thirty." The boxes were examined, everything in the shape of subsistence was removed, and the box and its contents delivered to the prisoner; the food it contained was destroyed before the face of the tantalized captive.

Small tufts of a weed, called parsley, grew under the sides of the prison. It was over the dead-line, where prisoners dare not go. At their earnest entreaty I have sometimes plucked and handed it to some of them. They told me it was a feast. Squads of prisoners under guard were sent to work in different parts of the Island. They sometimes purchased raw potatoes and onions for their comrades suffering with scurvy. They were searched at the prison gate, and those articles taken from them.

I am ready to swear that in my opinion the Knoxville prisoners were starved to death.

As to the torture endured by the scurvy patients, the shooting of prisoners by the guards on the parapets, the smashing of their skulls with revolvers by officers of the prison, such misfortunes are incident to prison life, and neither the Government nor the Republican party can be held responsible for them.

The weather on January 1st was the most intensely cold I ever experienced; and from all parts of the prison came intelligence of prisoners frozen to death. One died in one of my companies. He was reported to me, and I placed my hand on the corpse; it was frozen. This is the first time I have mentioned it. I cannot say that he froze to death.

JOHN A. BATESON,  
115th E. V. R. C., Second Battalion.

We have a long

STATEMENT OF JOHN J. VAN-ALLEN,

of Watkins, Schuyler county, New York, from which we make the following extract:

Late in the fall of 1864, and when the bitter sleets and biting frosts of winter had commenced, a relief organization was improvised by some of the generous ladies and gentlemen of the city of Baltimore for the purpose of alleviating the wants of those confined in the Elmira Prison, where there were then several thousand prisoners.

I had the honor to be appointed by that organization to ascertain the needs of the prisoners, to distribute clothing, money, etc., as they might require. I had formerly lived at Elmira, where I studied my profession, but then (as now) I resided at this place, twenty miles distant from Elmira, where I have resided for nearly twenty-five years, and was well known at Elmira.

As soon as appointed I journeyed to that delightful paradise for Confederate prisoners (according to Walker, Tracy and Platt), and stated the object of my visit to the commanding officer, and asked to be permitted to go through the prison in order to ascertain the wants of the prisoners, with the request that I might distribute necessary blankets, clothing, money, medicines, etc.

He treated me with consideration and kindness, and informed me that they were very destitute of clothing and blankets; that not one-half of them had even a single blanket; and that many were nearly naked, the most of them having been captured during the hot summer months with no other than thin cotton clothes, which in most instances were in tatters. Yet he stated that he could not allow me to enter the prison gate or administer relief, as an order of the War Department rendered him powerless. I then asked him to telegraph the facts to the War Department and ask a revocation or modification of the order, which he did; and two or three days were thus consumed by me in a fruitless endeavor



to procure the poor privilege of carrying out the designs of the good Samaritans at Baltimore who were seeking to alleviate in a measure the wants of the poor sufferers, who were there dying off like rotten sheep from cold and exposure. The officer in command was an army officer, and his heart nearly bled for those poor sufferers; and I know he did all in his power to aid me, but his efforts were fruitless to assist me to put a single coat on the back of a sufferer. The brutal Stanton was inexorable to all my entreaties, and turned a deaf ear to the tale of their sufferings. The only proposition that could be entertained was this: If I would fetch clothing only of a gray color (Confederate uniforms) I could place it in the hands of some under-strappers of the *loyal persuasion*, as well as such moneys as I might wish to leave in the same hands, and they would distribute the same as they liked.

This could not be allowed to be done by the commanding officer, but must be done by one of the *loyal* (?) gentry, who I became satisfied would absorb it before any poor Confederate soldier would even catch a glimpse at its shadow; and I was actually forced to give the matter up in despair.

The nearest I could get to the poor skeletons confined in that prison, was a tower built by some speculator in an adjoining field across the way from the prison pen, for which privilege a money consideration was exacted and paid. On taking a position upon this tower what a sight of misery and squalor was presented! My heart was made sick, and I blushed for my country—more because of the inhumanity there depicted. Nearly all of the many thousands there were in dirty rags. The rain was pouring, and thousands were without shelter, standing in the mud in their bare feet, with clothes in tatters, of the most unsubstantial material, without blankets. I tell the truth, and Mr. Charles C. B. Watkins dare not deny it, when I say these men suffered bitterly for the want of clothing, blankets and other necessities. I was denied the privilege of covering their nakedness.

The above statement needs no comment. The refusal of Mr. Stanton to allow this high-minded, Northern gentleman to distribute supplies among these destitute suffering prisoners, was of a piece with his insolent reply to Hon. A. J. Beresford Hope, who wrote for permission to use a sum of money raised by English gentlemen to alleviate the condition of Confederate prisoners at the North, and received for answer, that the United States Government *was rich enough to provide for its prisoners, and needed no foreign help.*

Yes! the United States Government was amply able to provide for its captives; but it chose to adopt a system of cold-blooded cruelty, and to seek to avoid the verdict of history by the most persistent slanders against the Confederate authorities.

We give in full the following statement of a medical officer of

the United States army, who was on duty at the Elmira prison. His letter was originally published in the *New York World*, and dated from Brooklyn, New York:

STATEMENT OF A UNITED STATES MEDICAL OFFICER.

*To the Editor of the World:*

Sir—I beg herewith (after having carefully gone through the various documents in my possession pertaining to the matter) to forward you the following statistics and facts of the mortality of the Rebel prisoners in the Northern prisons, more particularly at that of Elmira, New York, where I served as one of the medical officers for many months. I found, on commencement of my duties at Elmira, about 11,000 Rebel prisoners, fully one-third of whom were under medical treatment for diseases principally owing to an improper diet, a want of clothing, necessary shelter and bad surrounding; the diseases were consequently of the following nature: Scurvy, diarrhoea, pneumonia, and the various branches of typhoid, all superinduced by the causes, more or less, aforementioned.

The winter of 1864-5 was an unusually severe and rigid one, and the prisoners arriving from the Southern States during this season were mostly old men and lads, clothed in attire suitable only to the genial climate of the South. I need not state to you that this alone was ample cause for an unusual mortality amongst them. The surroundings were of the following nature, viz: narrow, confined limits, but a few acres of ground in extent, and through which slowly flowed a turbid stream of water, carrying along with it all the excremental filth and debris of the camp; this stream of water, horrible to relate, was the only source of supply, for an extended period, that the prisoners could possibly use for the purpose of ablution, and to slake their thirst from day to day; the tents and other shelter allotted to the camp at Elmira were insufficient, and crowded to the utmost extent—hence, small pox and other skin diseases raged through the camp.

Here I may note that, owing to a general order from the Government to vaccinate the prisoners, my opportunities were ample to observe the effects of spurious and diseased matter, and there is no doubt in my mind but that syphilis was engrafted in many instances; ugly and horrible ulcers and eruptions of a characteristic nature were, alas, too frequent and obvious to be mistaken. Small pox cases were crowded in such a manner that it was a matter of impossibility for the surgeon to treat his patients individually; they actually laid so adjacent that the simple movement of one of them would cause his neighbor to cry out in agony of pain. The confluent and malignant type prevailed to such an extent, and of such a nature, that the body would frequently be found one continuous scab.

The diet and other allowances by the Government for the use of the prisoners were ample, yet the poor unfortunates were allowed

to starve; but why, is a query which I will allow your readers to infer, and to draw conclusions therefrom. Out of the number of prisoners, as before mentioned, over three thousand of them now lay buried in the cemetery located near the camp for that purpose; a mortality equal, if not greater than that of any prison in the South. At Andersonville, as I am well informed by brother officers who endured confinement there, as well as by the records at Washington, the mortality was twelve thousand out of say about forty thousand prisoners. Hence it is readily to be seen that range of mortality was no less at Elmira than at Andersonville.

At Andersonville there was actually nothing to feed or clothe the prisoners with, their own soldiers faring but little better than their prisoners; this, together with a torrid sun and an impossibility of exchange, was abundant cause for their mortality. With our prisoners at Elmira, no such necessity should honestly have existed, as our Government had actually, as I have stated, most bountifully made provision for the wants of all detained, both of officers and men. Soldiers who have been prisoners at Andersonville, and have done duty at Elmira, confirm this statement, and which is in nowise in one particular exaggerated; also, the same may be told of other prisons managed in a similarly terrible manner. I allude to Sandusky, Delaware and others. I do not say that all prisoners at the North suffered and endured the terrors and the cupidity of venal sub-officials; on the contrary, at the camps in the harbor of New York, and at Point Lookout, and at other camps where my official duties from time to time have called me, the prisoners in all respects have fared as our Government intended and designated they should. Throughout Texas, where food and the necessities of life were plentiful, I found our own soldiers faring well, and to a certain extent contented, so far, at least, as prisoners of war could reasonably expect to be.

Our Government allowed the prisoners of war the following rations: Twelve ounces of pork or bacon, or one pound of salt or fresh beef; one pound six ounces of soft bread or flour, or one pound of corn meal; and to every one hundred rations, fifteen pounds of beans or peas and ten pounds of rice or hominy, ten pounds of green coffee or five pounds of roasted ditto, or one pound eight ounces of tea, fifteen pounds of sugar, four quarts of vinegar, thirty pounds of potatoes, and if fresh potatoes could not be obtained, canned vegetables were allowed. Prisoners of war will receive for subsistence one ration each, without regard to rank; their private property shall be duly respected, and each shall be treated with regard to his rank, and the wounded are to be treated with the same care as the wounded of our army.

How faithfully these regulations were carried out at Elmira is shown by the following statement of facts: The sick in hospitals were curtailed in every respect (fresh vegetables and other antiscorbutics were dropped from the list), the food scant, crude and unfit; medicine so badly dispensed that it was a farce for the med-

ical man to prescribe. At large in the camp the prisoner fared still worse; a slice of bread and salt meat was given him for his breakfast, a poor hatched-up, concocted cup of soup, so called, and a slice of miserable bread, was all he could obtain for his coming meal; and hundreds of sick, who could in nowise obtain medical aid died, "unknelled, uncoffined and unknown." I have in nowise drawn on the imagination, and the facts as stated can be attested by the staff of medical officers who labored at the Elmira prison for the Rebel soldiers.

EX-MEDICAL OFFICER UNITED STATES ARMY.

We could multiply such statements as are given above almost indefinitely.

We have the diary of the prison experience of Rev. L. W. Allen (a prominent Baptist minister of Virginia), the diary of Captain Robert E. Park, of Georgia, the narrative of Benjamin Dashiels, of Colonel Snowden Andrews' Maryland Artillery, who was most inhumanly punished at Fort Delaware for refusing to give the names of friends in Maryland who were secretly ministering to the suffering prisoners, and a number of other MSS., which all go to prove the points we have made. Indeed, it would be a very easy task to compile from MSS. in our possession several large volumes on the cruelties of Federal prisons. But we cannot now go into this subject more fully. Nor can we now even touch upon the cruelties practiced towards civil prisoners who were arrested by the United States authorities on mere suspicion, and treated with the utmost rigor without even the forms of a trial.

We have on our shelves no less than eight volumes giving detailed accounts of these false imprisonments, besides a number of MS. accounts, and we may at some future time let our readers hear "the tinkle of Mr. Seward's little bell."

But we cannot now give more space to the treatment received by Confederates in Northern prisons. We think we have fairly met Mr. Blaine's "issue," and that we have shown by incontrovertible testimony that Confederate prisoners *were* cruelly treated in Northern prisons, and that they did *not* "receive the same rations and clothing as Union soldiers." And we have traced this cruel treatment directly to the Federal authorities who were constantly slandering the Confederate Government.

We now pass to a further discussion of the

EXCHANGE QUESTION,

for after all this is the real gist of the whole matter. The Govern-

ment that is responsible for the failure to exchange prisoners is really responsible for the suffering which ensued on both sides.

We think we have already proven that this responsibility rests with the authorities at Washington; but we will strengthen the proof still further. We have published the cartel agreed upon on the 22d of July, 1862, and have called attention to the fact that a strict observance of its terms would have released all prisoners on both sides within ten days of their capture.

Where difficulties arose in reference to particular classes of prisoners, the cartel provided that these should be passed by until they could be adjusted, and the cartel continue in force as to other prisoners. *This was done so long as the Confederates held the excess of prisoners.*

Soon after the signing of the cartel, a correspondence ensued, which would unquestionably have stopped all exchange of prisoners had the Confederates not held a large excess of prisoners. The following

LETTER FROM GENERAL LEE

clearly sets forth the points at issue :

[Copy.]

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES,  
Near Richmond, Virginia, August 2, 1862.

*To the General Commanding United States Army, Washington :*

General—In obedience to the order of his Excellency, the President of the Confederate States, I have the honor to make to you the following communication:

On the 22d of July last a cartel for a general exchange of prisoners of war was signed by Major-General John A. Dix, on behalf of the United States, and by Major-General D. H. Hill, on the part of this Government. By the terms of that cartel it is stipulated that all prisoners of war hereafter taken shall be discharged on parole until exchanged.

Scarcely had the cartel been signed when the military authorities of the United States commenced a practice changing the character of the war from such as becomes civilized nations into a campaign of indiscriminate robbery and murder.

A general order, issued by the Secretary of War of the United States, in the city of Washington, on the very day that the cartel was signed in Virginia, directs the military commander of the United States to take the property of our people for the convenience and use of the army, without compensation.

A general order, issued by Major-General Pope on the 23d of July last, the day after the date of the cartel, directs the murder of our

peaceful citizens as spies, if found quietly tilling their farms in his rear, *even outside of his lines.*

And one of his Brigadier-Generals, Steinwehr, has seized innocent and peaceful inhabitants to be held as hostages, to the end that they may be murdered in cold blood if any of his soldiers are killed by some unknown persons, whom he designated as "bush-whackers."

Some of the military authorities of the United States seem to suppose that their end will be better attained by a savage war, in which no quarter is to be given and no age or sex to be spared, than by such hostilities as are alone recognized to be lawful in modern times. We find ourselves driven by our enemies, by steady progress, towards a practice which we abhor, and which we are vainly struggling to avoid.

Under these circumstances this Government has issued the accompanying general order, which I am directed by the President to transmit to you, recognizing Major-General Pope and his commissioned officers to be in a position which they have chosen for themselves—that of robbers and murderers, and not that of public enemies, entitled, if captured, to be treated as prisoners of war.

The President also instructs me to inform you that we renounce our right of retaliation on the innocent, and will continue to treat the private enlisted soldiers of General Pope's army as prisoners of war; but if, after notice to your Government that we confine repressive measures to the punishment of commissioned officers, who are willing participants in these crimes, the savage practices threatened in the orders alluded to, be persisted in, we shall reluctantly be forced to the last resort of accepting the war on the terms chosen by our enemies, until the voice of an outraged humanity shall compel a respect for the recognized usages of war.

While the President considers that the facts referred to would justify a refusal on our part to execute the cartel, by which we have agreed to liberate an excess of prisoners of war in our hands, a sacred regard for plighted faith, which shrinks from the semblance of breaking a promise, precludes a resort to such an extremity. Nor is it his desire to extend to any other forces of the United States the punishment merited by General Pope and such commissioned officers as choose to participate in the execution of his infamous orders.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully your obedient servant,  
(Signed)

R. E. LEE,  
*General Commanding.*

ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR GENERAL'S OFFICE,  
Richmond, August 1, 1862.

*General Orders, No. 54.*

I. The following orders are published for the information and observance of all concerned:

II. Whereas, by a general order, dated the 22d July, 1862, issued



by the Secretary of War of the United States, under the order of the President of the United States, the military commanders of that Government within the States of Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas and Arkansas, are directed to seize and use any property, real or personal, belonging to the inhabitants of this Confederacy, which may be necessary or convenient for their several commands, and no provision is made for any compensation to the owners of private property thus seized and appropriated by the military commanders of the enemy:

III. And whereas, by General Order, No. 11, issued on the 23d July, 1862, by Major-General Pope, commanding the forces of the enemy in Northern Virginia, it is ordered that all "commanders of army corps, divisions, brigades and detached commands, will proceed immediately to arrest all disloyal male citizens within their lines or within their reach, in rear of their respective commands. Such as are willing to take the oath of allegiance to the United States, and will furnish sufficient security for its observance, shall be permitted to remain at their homes and pursue in good faith their accustomed avocations. Those who refuse shall be conducted South, beyond the extreme pickets of this army, and be notified that if found again anywhere within our lines, or at any point in rear, they will be considered spies, and subjected to the extreme rigor of military law. If any person, having taken the oath of allegiance as above specified, be found to have violated it, he shall be shot, and his property seized and applied to the public use":

IV. And whereas, by an order issued on the 13th July, 1862, by Brigadier-General A. Steinwehr, Major William Steadman, a cavalry officer of his brigade, has been ordered to arrest five of the most prominent citizens of Page county, Virginia, to be held as hostages, and to suffer death in the event of any of the soldiers of said Steinwehr being shot by "bushwhackers," by which term are meant the citizens of this Confederacy who have taken up arms to defend their homes and families:

V. And whereas it results from the above orders that some of the military authorities of the United States, not content with the unjust and aggressive warfare hitherto waged with savage cruelty against an unoffending people, and exasperated by the failure of their effort to subjugate them, have now determined to violate all the rules and usages of war, and to convert the hostilities hitherto waged against armed forces into a campaign of robbery and murder against unarmed citizens and peaceful tillers of the soil:

VI. And whereas this Government, bound by the highest obligations of duty to its citizens, is thus driven to the necessity of adopting just such measures of retribution and retaliation as shall seem adequate to repress and punish these barbarities; and whereas the orders above recited have only been published and made known to this Government since the signature of a cartel for exchange of prisoners of war, which cartel, in so far as it provides for an exchange of prisoners hereafter captured, would never have been signed or

agreed to by this Government if the intention to change the war into a system of indiscriminate murder and robbery had been known to it; and whereas a just regard to humanity forbids that the repression of crime which this Government is thus compelled to enforce should be unnecessarily extended to retaliation on the enlisted men in the army of the United States, who may be the unwilling instruments of the savage cruelty of their commanders, so long as there is hope that the excesses of the enemy may be checked or prevented by retribution on the commissioned officers, who have the power to avoid guilty action, by refusing service under a Government which seeks their aid in the perpetration of such infamous barbarities:

VII. Therefore, it is ordered that Major-General Pope, Brigadier-General Steinwehr, and all commissioned officers serving under their respective commands, be and they are hereby expressly and specially declared to be not entitled to be considered as soldiers, and therefore not entitled to the benefit of the cartel for the parole of future prisoners of war. Ordered, further, that in the event of the capture of Major-General Pope or Brigadier-General Steinwehr, or of any commissioned officers serving under them, the captive so taken shall be held in close confinement so long as the orders aforesaid shall continue in force and unrepealed by the competent military authorities of the United States; and that in the event of the murder of any unarmed citizen or inhabitant of this Confederacy by virtue or under pretext of any of the orders hereinbefore recited, whether with or without trial, whether under pretence of such citizen being a spy or hostage, or any other pretence, it shall be the duty of the Commanding General of the forces of this Confederacy to cause immediately to be hung, out of the commissioned officers, prisoners as aforesaid, a number equal to the number of our own citizens thus murdered by the enemy.

By order.

S. COOPER,  
*Adjutant and Inspector General.*

Now here was a fine opportunity for the authorities at Washington to stop the cartel and charge the "Rebels" with bad faith. They would doubtless have done so had we not held the excess of prisoners; but they simply indulged in a little high rhetoric, continued the cartel, and caused Pope to cease his high-handed outrages. And so the cartel continued until July, 1863—the Federal authorities frequently violating its provisions, and the Confederates carrying them out to the letter.

The Report of Judge Ould, our Commissioner of Exchange, of December, 1863, and the accompanying documents, fully sustain this allegation, and we regret that our space will not allow us to give these documents in full.

We give the preliminary report, which indicates the points made:

COMMISSIONER QULD'S REPORT.

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA,  
WAR DEPARTMENT,  
Richmond, Virginia, December 5th, 1863.

Hon. JAMES A. SEDDON, *Secretary of War*:

Sir—I have the honor to submit the accompanying correspondence between the Federal Agent of Exchange and myself:

I have selected from the mass of correspondence, such letters as relate to matters of general interest, and especially to the subjects of controversy between us.

1. Papers from one to twelve, inclusive, relate the arrest and detention of non-combatants. The Federal authorities have persistently refused to observe any reciprocal rule as to such parties. Their military commanders seem to have been permitted to make arrests of non-combatants without regard to their age, sex or situation. After arrest, they have been thrown into prison and there indefinitely retained, in most cases, without charges. I have persistently contended that the whole subject of their capture of non-combatants, should be determined by rule, and not by arbitrary practice. This reasonable proposal, not receiving the assent of the enemy, the Confederate authorities have been forced, in some instances, to retain Federal non-combatants as a measure of retaliation.

2. Papers from thirteen to sixteen, inclusive, relate to the retention of exchanged and unexchanged officers and men. There are officers and men now in Federal prisons, who have been there ever since the adoption of the cartel. I have brought to the attention of the United States authorities again and again the names of some of the parties who were confined in violation of the exchange agreements. In some cases, after long delay, the parties were released. Others, however, are still languishing in confinement.

3. Papers from seventeen to forty, inclusive, relate to the general orders of the enemy and their connection with declarations of exchange. So anxious has the Confederate Government been to remove all obstacles to a general exchange of prisoners, that when the computation and adjustment of paroles was made a subject of difficulty by the enemy, we promptly agreed to determine the whole matter in accordance with the general orders, issued at Washington. This very liberal proposition has not been accepted by the Federal authorities, I have, however, by virtue of the provisions of the cartel, proceeded to make declarations of exchange, upon the basis of those general orders. In those declarations of exchange, I have not exceeded the valid paroles, which are on file in my office. The reply of the Federal agent to my letter of October 31st, 1863, was so personally offensive, that I was compelled to return it to him without any answer.

4. Papers from forty-one to forty-seven, inclusive, relate to the confinement of General John H. Morgan and his officers in the penitentiary, at Columbus, Ohio. Though the Federal agent on the 30th of July, 1863, notified me that General John H. Morgan and his officers would be placed in close confinement, he informed me two months afterwards, that "the United States authorities had nothing to do with the treatment that General Morgan and his command received when imprisoned at Columbus."

5. Papers from forty-eight to fifty-seven, inclusive, relate to the detention of surgeons. Before the date of the cartel, surgeons were unconditionally released after capture. That rule was first adopted by the Confederate commanders, and was subsequently followed by the Federals. Some time ago, one Rucker was indicted by a grand jury in Virginia, for several felonies. Although Rucker was never a surgeon in the Federal service, the enemy held Surgeon Green of the Confederate navy, in retaliation. This caused retaliation on our part, in return, and surgeons were afterwards held in captivity on both sides. In this instance, the Federal authorities proved that they were ready to sacrifice their own medical officers in an endeavour to secure the release of a felon in no way connected with their medical service. Rucker having recently escaped from jail, the surgeons on both sides have been released.

6. Papers from fifty-eight to sixty-three, inclusive, relate to persons captured upon our rivers and the high seas. By agreement made with the Federal Agent of Exchange, all such who were captured before December 10th, 1862, were declared exchanged. In spite of that agreement, some of our pilots and sea captains were kept in confinement. The correspondence will fully show the refusal of the Federal authorities to adopt any fair and reciprocal rule, as to the further exchange of such persons.

7. Papers numbered sixty-four and sixty-five, show the pretensions of the enemy as to such persons as have been tried under the laws of a sovereign State for offences against the same.

8. Papers from sixty-six to seventy-two, inclusive, embrace all the correspondence in which General E. A. Hitchcock has borne a part. It seems there are two commissioners of exchange on the part of the Federal Government. How far the authority of each extends, or how far one is subordinate to the other, has not as yet clearly appeared. The future may, perhaps, explain that they may be put to separate uses. The last letter of General Hitchcock, bearing date November 23d, 1863, I returned, with the following endorsement, to wit: "Protesting that the statement of facts contained in this paper is incorrect, I return it to its author as unfit to be either written or received."

With this brief notice of the correspondence, I respectfully submit it as my report.

Respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

Ro. OULD, *Agent of Exchange.*

We can only cull a letter or two from this correspondence, which we hope some day to publish in full as a triumphant vindication of the course of our authorities :

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL LUDLOW TO MR. OULD.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF VIRGINIA,  
SEVENTH ARMY CORPS,  
FORT MONROE, VIRGINIA, April 8, 1863.

HON. ROBERT OULD, *Agent for Exchange of Prisoners :*

Sir—The best mode of arranging all questions relating to exchange of officers, is to revoke, formally or informally, the offensive proclamation relating to our officers.

I simply ask that you say, by authority, that such proclamation is revoked. The spirit of that proclamation was the infliction of personal indignities upon our officers, and as long as it remains unrepealed, it can be at any moment put in force by your authorities. What assurance have we that it will not be?

I earnestly desire a return to the cartel in all matters pertaining to officers, and until such be the case, and uniformity of rule be thereby established, our exchanges of officers must be special. Some of our officers, paroled at Vicksburg, were subsequently placed in close confinement, and are now so held. If, hereafter, we parole any of your officers, such paroles will be offset against any which you may possess. At present the exchanges will be confined to such equivalents as are held in confinement on either side.

I hope you will soon be able to remove all difficulties about officers by the revocation I have mentioned.

By reference to the map, you will see that Fort Delaware is en route to Fort Monroe. It is used as a depot for the collecting of prisoners, sent from other places for shipment here, and is, from its peculiar position, "well adapted for convenience for exchange."

If any mistake be found in the account of men paroled by Lieutenant-Colonel Richards, at Oxford, Mississippi, on the 22d of December, 1862, it can be rectified when we meet.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WM. H. LUDLOW,  
*Lieutenant-Colonel and Agent for Exchange of Prisoners.*

MR. OULD TO LIEUTENANT-COLONEL LUDLOW.

RICHMOND, April 11th, 1863.

Lieutenant-Colonel WILLIAM H. LUDLOW, *Agent of Exchange :*

Sir—Your letters of the 8th instant have been received.

I am very much surprised at your refusal to deliver officers for those of your own who have been captured, paroled, and released by us since the date of the proclamation and message of President

Davis. That refusal is not only a flagrant breach of the cartel, but can be supported by no rule of reciprocity or equity. It is utterly useless to argue any such matter. I assure you that not one officer of any grade will be delivered to you until you change your purpose in that respect.

You have charged us with breaking the cartel. With what sort of justice can that allegation be supported, when you delivered only a few days ago over ninety officers, most of whom had been forced to languish and suffer in prisons for months before we were compelled by that and other reasons to issue the retaliatory order of which you complain? Those ninety-odd are not one-half of those whom you unjustly hold in prison. On the other hand, I defy you to name the case of one who is confined by us, whom our agreement has declared exchanged. Is it your idea that we are to be bound by every strictness of the cartel, while you are at liberty to violate it for months, and that, too, not only in a few instances, but in hundreds? You know that our refusal to parole officers, was a matter exclusively of retaliation. It was based only upon your refusal to observe the requirements of the cartel. All that you had to do to remove the obnoxious measure of retaliation, was to observe the provisions of the cartel and redress the wrongs which had been perpetrated.

Your last resolution, if persisted in, settles the matter. You need not send any officers to City Point with the expectation of getting an equivalent in officers, so long as you refuse to deliver any for those whom we have released on parole in Tennessee and Kentucky. If captivity, privation, and misery are to be the fate of officers on both sides hereafter, let God judge between us. I have struggled in this matter, as if it had been a matter of life and death to me. I am heartsick at the termination, but I have no self reproaches.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

ROBERT OULD,  
*Agent of Exchange.*

Judge Ould thus closes his correspondence with Colonel Ludlow :

MR. OULD TO LIEUTENANT-COLONEL LUDLOW.

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA,  
WAR DEPARTMENT,  
Richmond, Virginia, July 26, 1863.

Colonel WILLIAM H. LUDLOW, *Agent of Exchange :*

Sir—Your communication of the 22d contests my declaration of exchanges of officers made on the 17th instant. You say "the cartel provides for the exchange of equal ranks, until such are exhausted, and then for equivalents." If you had been at Fortress Monroe, where you could have seen the cartel, instead of New York, from which your letter is dated, you would have written



no such paragraph. There is nothing in the cartel which contains any such doctrine, or which favors it. Every provision is against it. Your own and my practice have been opposed to it. I again say to you what I have already stated in my communication of the 17th instant, that your assent is not needed to the declared exchange, and I shall not notify the officers, whom I have declared exchanged, as you request. I have allowed you to declare exchanges when the number of prisoners in our hands has been the greater. This has been the case from the day when we first met in the fall of last year, to the capture at Vicksburg. Now, when you have scarcely received official advices of your superiority in prisoners, you boast of the fact, and declare that I cannot give an equivalent for the general officers I have declared exchanged. The point you make is worth nothing, even as you have stated it. You know we have no lieutenant-generals or major-generals of yours in our hands. For that reason I have declared them exchanged in privates or inferior officers at your election. I had the right, under the cartel, to make the choice myself, but I preferred that you should do it, and therefore, I gave you the notification which I did. If, at any time, you present officers for exchange who have been paroled, and we have no officers of similar rank on parole, you can declare their exchange in privates. If, at this time, you have any officers of the rank I have declared exchanged, or of any other rank, or if you have any particular organization of privates or non-commissioned officers whom you wish exchanged, you have only to state such fact and your selection will be approved. If you hold the paroles of our officers of any rank as you state, you have only to present them, and whatever is in our hands, whether on parole or in captivity, will be freely given in exchange for them. You say you have again and again invited me to a return to the cartel. Now that our official connection is being terminated, I say to you in the fear of God—and I appeal to Him for the truth of the declaration—that there has been no single moment, from the time when we were first brought together in connection with the matter of exchange to the present hour, during which there has not been an open and notorious violation of the cartel by your authorities. Officers and men, numbering over hundreds, have been, during your whole connection with the cartel, kept in cruel confinement, sometimes in irons, or doomed to cells, without charges or trial. They are in prison now, unless God, in His mercy, has released them. In our parting moments, let me do you the justice to say that I do not believe it is so much your fault as that of your authorities. Nay more, I believe your removal from your position has been owing to the personal efforts you have made for a faithful observance, not only of the cartel, but of humanity in the conduct of the war.

Again and again have I importuned you to tell me of one officer or man now held in confinement by us, who was declared exchanged. You have, to those appeals, furnished one—Spencer

Kellog. For him I have searched in vain. On the other hand, I appeal to your own records for the cases where your reports have shown that our officers and men have been held for long months and even years in violation of the cartel and our agreements. The last phase of the enormity, however, exceeds all others. Although you have many thousands of our soldiers now in confinement in your prisons, and especially in that horrible hold of death, Fort Delaware, you have not, for several weeks, sent us any prisoners. During those weeks you have dispatched Captain Mulford with the steamer New York to City Point, three or four times, without any prisoners. For the first two or three times some sort of an excuse was attempted. None is given at this present arrival. I do not mean to be offensive when I say that effrontery could not give one. I ask you with no purpose of disrespect, what can you think of this covert attempt to secure the delivery of all your prisoners in our hands, without the release of those of ours who are languishing in hopeless misery in your prisons and dungeons?

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

ROBERT OULD,  
*Agent of Exchange.*

Though there were these difficulties in reference to exchange, and these evasions and violations of the cartel by the Federal authorities, the paroles given captured prisoners were respected until July, 1863, when the following order was issued by the Federal Secretary of War:

WAR DEPARTMENT,  
ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,  
Washington, July 3, 1863.

*General Orders No. 209.*

1. The attention of all persons in the military service of the United States is called to article 7 of the cartel agreed upon July 22d, 1862, and published in General Orders No. 142, September 25th, 1862. According to the terms of this cartel all captures must be reduced to actual possession, and all prisoners of war must be delivered at the places designated, there to be exchanged or paroled until exchange can be effected. The only exception allowed is the case of commanders of two opposing armies, who were authorized to exchange prisoners or to release them on parole at other points mutually agreed upon by said commanders.

2. It is understood that captured officers and men have been paroled and released in the field by others than commanders of opposing armies, and that the sick and wounded in hospitals have been so paroled and released in order to avoid guarding and removing them, which in many cases would have been impossible. Such paroles are in violation of general orders and the stipulations of the cartel, and are null and void. They are not regarded by the enemy, and will not be respected by the armies of the United

States. Any officer or soldier who gives such parole will be returned to duty without exchange, and, moreover, will be punished for disobedience of orders. It is the duty of the captor to guard his prisoners, and if through necessity or choice he fails to do this, it is the duty of the prisoner to return to the service of his Government. He cannot avoid this duty by giving an unauthorized military parole.

3. A military parole not to serve until exchanged must not be confounded with a parole of honor to do or not to do a particular thing not inconsistent with the duty of a soldier; thus a prisoner of war actually held by the enemy may, in order to obtain exemption from a close guard or confinement, pledge his parole of honor that he will make no attempt at escape. Such pledges are binding upon the individuals giving them; but they should seldom be given or received, for it is the duty of a prisoner to escape if able to do so. Any pledge or parole extorted from a prisoner by ill usage is not binding.

4. The obligations imposed by the general laws and usages of war upon the combatant inhabitants of a section of country passed over by an invading army closes when the military occupation ceases, and any pledge or parole given by such persons, in regard to future service, is null and of no effect.

By order of the Secretary of war.

[Signed]

E. D. TOWNSEND, A. A. G.

Upon this order General J. A. Early, in a recent communication, makes the following eminently just comments:

It is very manifest that that order was issued for the purpose of embarrassing General Lee's army with the guarding and feeding of the prisoners, amounting to several thousand, then in our hands; and in consequence of the order, information of which reached us immediately, General Lee sent a flag of truce to Meade on the 4th of July, after the close of the battle, with a proposition to exchange prisoners. The latter declined the proposition, alleging a want of authority to make the exchange, or, from his own views of policy, he positively declined to entertain the proposition; I am not certain which.

According to the laws of war in the earliest ages a captive in war forfeited his life. Subsequently, in the cause of humanity, the penalty of death was commuted to slavery for life; and this continued to be a law of war for more than one-half of the Christian era, notwithstanding it has been so often said that slavery disappeared in Europe before the spirit of Christianity; in fact, it was the vast number of captives in war reduced to slavery from among the Sclavi or Slavonians, in the eighth century, under that bulwark of the Church, Charlemagne, that caused the distinctive and modern appellation of "slaves" to be applied to all those held to involuntary servitude. In the age of chivalry, when knights-

errant, and more especially the Crusaders, wanted money more than they did slaves, they sold their slaves their freedom; and the practice of releasing prisoners for a ransom was resorted to, and continued to be a law of war until a comparatively modern date, when, with the growth of regular armies, the practice of releasing prisoners on parole became a recognized rule of civilized warfare among Christian nations. It has never, however, been a law of war that the obligation of a prisoner to observe his parole depends upon the assent of his own Government; but, on the contrary, the right of a prisoner to obtain his release from captivity by giving his parole of honor not to serve against his captors until exchanged or otherwise released is derived from the fact that by his captivity he is placed beyond the protection of his Government, and therefore has the right to provide for his own safety by giving the requisite pledge, and all civilized nations recognize the binding force of that pledge or parole.

The rule is laid down by Vattel, pp. 414 and 415, as follows:

"Individuals, whether belonging to the army or not, who happen singly to fall in with the enemy are, by the urgent necessity of the circumstance, left to their own discretion, and may, so far as concerns their own persons, do everything which a commander might do with respect to himself and the troops under his command. If, therefore, in consequence of the situation in which they are involved, they make any promise, such promise (provided it do not extend to matters which can never lie within the sphere of a private individual) is valid and obligatory, as being made with competent powers. For, when a subject can neither receive his sovereign's orders nor enjoy his protection, he resumes his natural rights, and is to provide for his own safety by any just and honorable means in his power. Hence, if that individual has promised a sum for his *ransom*, the sovereign, so far from having the power to discharge him from his promise, should oblige him to fulfil it.

"The good of the State requires that faith should be kept on such occasions, and that subjects should have this mode of saving their lives or recovering their liberty.

"Thus, a prisoner who is released on his parole is bound to observe it with scrupulous punctuality, nor has the sovereign a right to oppose such observance of his engagement; for had not the prisoner thus given his parole he would not have been released."

The same doctrine is laid down by publicists generally.

The question of exchange of prisoners is a matter for agreement between the opposing powers, but the question of the parole is not. The paroles stipulated for in the cartel of July, 1862, were paroles with a view to subsequent exchange, and the stipulation did not create the right of a prisoner of war to be released from captivity on his parole, that existed prior to and independent of the cartel. It existed by virtue of a "higher law" [if I may be permitted to use a phrase so much in vogue in former times among those who now attach so much importance to unwavering fidelity to the Con-

stitution, in their view of it], than an order from the Federal Secretary of War—the law of self-preservation. If I had found myself at any time during the war a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, about to be dragged to a Northern prison, where I am sure confinement for a very short time would have killed me or run me mad, and my captors had been humane enough to release me on my parole of honor not to serve again until exchanged, I am sure I would have thought my Government more barbarous than the enemy if it had required of me a violation of my parole and a return to duty without exchange; but I feel confident no such dishonor would ever have been required of me by that Government, for I do know that the paroles of some of my own men, captured at Williamsburg on the 5th of May, 1862, more than two months before the cartel was adopted, and for special reasons paroled within a week of their capture, were respected, and they were regularly exchanged.

Mr. Stanton, in issuing the order of the 3d of July, 1863, violated the laws of civilized warfare, and the statement contained therein that the Confederate Government ("the enemy") had pursued the same course was a mere pretext to give color to his own unwarrantable act. But for that order all the prisoners captured by us at Gettysburg, amounting to fully six thousand, would have been paroled; and, in fact, the proper staff officers were proceeding to parole them, and had actually paroled and released a large number of them, when the news came of the order referred to. Why did Mr. Stanton object to the parolling of those prisoners? and why did he prefer that they should be confined in prisons in the South—"prison pens," as Northern Republicans are pleased to call them—rather than that they should be sent to their own homes on parole, there to remain in comfort until duly exchanged, if it was not to embarrass the Confederate Government with the custody and support of them, regardless of any consideration for their health or their lives? If he did not think proper to exchange Confederate prisoners in his hands for them he could have refused to do so; and certainly their presence at their own homes could have done no harm to his cause; most assuredly not more than their confinement in a prison, in a climate to which they were unaccustomed. If the rule asserted in his order is among the laws and usages of war, then it must follow that if General Lee had not been able to guard or feed the prisoners in his hands he would have had the right to resort to that dread alternative to which the first Napoleon resorted in Egypt when he found the paroles granted by him not respected, and destroy the prisoners in his hands. If any of the prisoners brought from Gettysburg, or subsequently captured, lost their lives at Andersonville, or any other Southern prison, is it not palpable that the responsibility for their deaths rested on Edwin M. Stanton?

In consequence of the order one division commander, who fell into our hands, wounded, whom we could have brought off, though

at the risk of his life, and a large number of other prisoners who were paroled (two or three thousand), were returned to duty in the Federal army without exchange; and among them was a Colonel, who pledged his honor that he would surrender himself and his regiment (paroled at the same time) if the validity of the parole was not recognized by his Government.

Unfortunately, the capture of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, and the captures at Gettysburg, now gave the Federal Government a large excess of prisoners actually in hand, and enabled them to carry out the policy which they had all along evidently preferred. Instead of fulfilling the terms of the cartel, they coolly notified Judge Ould that henceforth "*exchanges will be confined to such equivalents as are held in confinement on either side.*" The plain meaning of this was that the Federal Government treated as a nullity the terms of the cartel, and the large number of *paroles* which the Confederates held against them, and proposed to exchange man for man of *those actually in prison*, which would have released every single prisoner held by the Confederacy, and left some thousands of our own brave soldiers to languish and die in hopeless captivity, notwithstanding the fact that the Confederates (carrying out the terms of the cartel) had already paroled their equivalents of Federal soldiers. The Confederate Commissioner, of course, indignantly rejected this proposition, and the subsequent correspondence until August 10th, 1864, abounds in earnest efforts on the part of Judge Ould to induce the Federal authorities to return to the cartel, and their quibbles, excuses, and evasions. We very much regret that we have not space to publish this correspondence in full. Indeed we could desire no better vindication of the Confederacy than the publication of every letter which passed between the commissioners. Our cause suffered nothing in the hands of our able and high-minded commissioner, Judge Ould.

On the 10th of August, 1864, seeing the hopelessness of effecting further exchanges on any fair terms, Judge Ould wrote the letter (which we gave in our last number), proposing to *accept the terms offered by the other side*, and to exchange man for man of actual captives.

Notwithstanding the fact that this was their own proposition, and would have worked largely in their favor as it ignored the thousands of paroles held by the Confederates and would have released all Federal prisoners and have left a large number of Confederates in captivity, the Federal authorities *never deigned to give an answer*



to this letter. They would neither carry out the terms of the parole, nor abide by their own proposition when it was accepted.

There were various complications which arose during the suspension of the cartel, but the plain meaning of them all was that the Federal Government had deliberately adopted as their war policy the non-exchange of prisoners.

We will briefly notice several of these complications.

In December, 1863, *Major-General B. F. Butler* was appointed Special Commissioner for the exchange of prisoners on the part of the Federal Government. The infamous conduct of this officer in New Orleans had excited the detestation of the civilized world, and had caused the Confederate Government to declare him an outlaw. And yet Mr. Stanton, in selecting an agent to *overcome difficulties in the way of exchange*, passed by all of his other officers and selected this most obnoxious personage. What fair-minded man can doubt that the object in selecting this agent was *really to prevent an exchange*? But in their eager desire to effect an exchange, the Confederates finally determined to treat even with General Butler, and accordingly Judge Ould went to Fortress Monroe and had a protracted interview with him. To do General Butler justice, he seemed even more liberal in the matter of exchange than his superiors had been, and after a full discussion of all the points at issue a *new cartel* was agreed upon.

When all of the points had been agreed to on both sides, and copies of the new cartel made, Judge Ould said to him: "Now, General, I am fully authorized to sign that paper in behalf of my Government, and we will close the matter by signing, sealing and delivering it here and now." General Butler replied that *he had not the authority to sign the paper*, but would refer it to his Government, and use all of his influence to induce its approval. *Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant* disapproved of the arrangement, and the Federal Government refused to confirm it. We have the proof of this in several forms.

We clip the following from a Northern paper published not long after the close of the war:

General Butler said at Hamilton, Ohio, the other day, that while he never answered anonymous newspaper attacks, he felt it his duty here at Hamilton to refute a slander which had been circulated from this platform a few days ago by a gentleman of standing in advocating the election of the Democratic candidate.

He has chosen to say that I am responsible for the starvation of

our prisoners at Belle Isle and Andersonville, by refusing to exchange soldiers because the Rebels did not recognize the negroes in our service as regular soldiers.

I don't propose to criticize anybody, or to say who was right or who was wrong, but I propose to state the exact facts, because it has been widely charged against me, that in order to rescue the negro soldiers I preferred that 30,000 of our men should starve rather than agree that the negro should not be exchanged.

Whatever I might have thought it best to have done, I am only here to-day to say that I did not do it. The duties of Commissioner of Exchange were put in my hands. I made an arrangement to have an exchange effected—man for man, officer for officer. I communicated my plan to General Streight, of Indiana, who is here to-day, and who had then just escaped from the Libby. I told him how I proposed to get our negro soldiers out of rebel hands.

We had 60,000 or thereabout of their prisoners. They had 30,000 of ours, or thereabout. I don't give the exact numbers, as I quote from memory; but these are the approximate numbers.

I proposed to go on and exchange with the rebels, man for man, officer for officer, until I got 30,000 of our men, and then I would still have had 30,000 of theirs left in my hands. And then I proposed to twist these 30,000 until I got the negroes out of the Rebels. [Applause.] I made this arrangement with the Confederate Commissioner. This was on the 1st of April, before we commenced to move on that campaign of 1864, from the Rapid Arm to the James, around Richmond. At that time the Lieutenant-General visited my headquarters, and I told him what I had done. He gave me certain verbal directions. What they were I shall not say, because I have his instructions in writing. But I sent my proposition for exchange to the Government of the United States. It was referred to the Lieutenant-General. He ordered me not to give the Confederates another man in exchange.

I telegraphed back to him in these words:

"Your order shall be obeyed, but I assume you do not mean to interfere with the exchange of the sick and wounded?"

He replied: "Take all the sick and wounded you can get, but don't give them another man."

You can see that even with sick and wounded men this system would soon cause all exchanges to stop.

It did stop. It stopped right there, in April, 1864, and was not resumed until August, 1864, when Mr. Ould, the Rebel Commissioner, again wrote me: "We will exchange man for man, officer for officer," and saying nothing about colored troops.

I laid this dispatch before the Lieutenant-General. His answer, in writing, was substantially: "If you give the rebels the 30,000 men whom we hold, it will insure the defeat of General Sherman and endanger our safety here around Richmond." I wrote an argument, offensively put, to the Confederate Commissioners, so that they could stop all further offers of exchange.

I say nothing about the policy of this course; I offer no criticism of it whatever; I only say that whether it be a good or a bad policy, it was not mine, and that my part in it was wholly in obedience to orders from my commanding officer, the Lieutenant-General.

Upon another occasion General Butler used this strong language:

"The great importance of the question; the fearful responsibility for the many thousands of lives which, by the refusal to exchange, were sacrificed by the most cruel forms of death; from cold, starvation, and pestilence of the prison pens of Raleigh and Andersonville, being more than all the British soldiers killed in the wars of Napoleon; the anxiety of fathers, brothers, sisters, mothers, wives, to know the exigency which caused this terrible—and perhaps as it may have seemed to them useless and unnecessary—destruction of those dear to them, by horrible deaths; each and all have compelled me to this exposition, so that it may be seen that these lives were spent as a part of the system of attack upon the rebellion, devised by the wisdom of the General-in-chief of the armies, to destroy it by depletion, depending upon our superior numbers to win the victory at last.

"The loyal mourners will doubtless derive solace from this fact, and appreciate all the more highly the genius which conceived the plan and the success won at so great a cost."

The New York *Tribune* will also be accepted as competent authority. Referring to the occurrences of 1864, the *Tribune* editorially says:

"In August the Rebels offered to renew the exchange, man for man. General Grant then telegraphed the following important order: 'It is hard on our men, held in Southern prisons, not to exchange them, but it is humanity to those left in the ranks to fight our battles. Every man released on parole or otherwise becomes an active soldier against us at once, either directly or indirectly. *If we commence a system of exchange which liberates all prisoners taken, we will have to fight on till the whole South is exterminated. If we hold those caught, they amount to no more than dead men. At this particular time, to release all Rebel prisoners North would insure Sherman's defeat, and would compromise our safety here.*'"

Here is even a stronger statement from a Northern source:

"NEW YORK, August 8th, 1865.

"Moreover, General Butler, in his speech at Lowell, Massachusetts, stated positively that he had been ordered by Mr. Stanton to put forward the negro question to complicate and prevent the exchange. \* \* \* \* \* Every one is aware that, when the exchange did take place, not the slightest alteration had occurred in the question, and that our prisoners might as well have been released twelve or eighteen months before

as at the resumption of the cartel, *which would have saved to the Republic at least twelve or fifteen thousand heroic lives.* That they were not saved is due alone to Mr. Edwin M. Stanton's peculiar policy and dogged obstinacy; AND, AS I HAVE REMARKED BEFORE, HE IS UNQUESTIONABLY THE DIGGER OF THE UNNAMED GRAVES THAT CROWD THE VICINITY OF EVERY SOUTHERN PRISON WITH HISTORIC AND NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN HORRORS.

"Once for all, let me declare that I have never found fault with any one because I was detained in prison, for I am well aware that that was a matter in which no one but myself, and possibly a few personal friends, would feel any interest; that my sole motive for impeaching the Secretary of War was that the people of the *loyal North might know to whom they were indebted for the cold-blooded and needless sacrifice of their fathers and brothers, their husbands and their sons.*

"JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE."

General Butler also produced upon another occasion the following telegram, which ought to be conclusive on this question:

"CITY POINT, August 18th, 1864.

"To General Butler—I am satisfied that the chief object of your interview, besides having the proper sanction, meets with my entire approval. I have seen, from Southern papers, that a system of retaliation is going on in the South, which they keep from us, and which we should stop in some way. On the subject of exchange, however, I differ from General Hitchcock; it is hard on our men held in Southern prisons not to exchange them, but it is humanity to those left in the ranks to fight our battles. Every man released on parole, or otherwise, becomes an active soldier against us at once, either directly or indirectly. If we commence a system of exchange which liberates all prisoners taken, we will have to fight on until the whole South is exterminated. If we hold those caught, they amount to no more than dead men. At this particular time, to release all Rebel prisoners North would insure Sherman's defeat, and would compromise our safety here.

"U. S. GRANT,  
"Lieutenant-General."

We think that the above testimony settles beyond all controversy that General U. S. Grant, Secretary Stanton, and Mr. Lincoln, were responsible for the refusal to exchange prisoners in 1864.

But the following extract from the

#### TESTIMONY OF GENERAL GRANT

before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, given February 11th, 1865, may be added as an end of controversy on this point:

Question. It has been said that we refused to exchange prisoners

because we found ours starved, diseased, unserviceable when we received them, and did not like to exchange sound men for such men?

Answer. There never has been any such reason as that. That has been a reason for making exchanges. *I will confess that if our men who are prisoners in the South were really well taken care of, suffering nothing except a little privation of liberty, then, in a military point of view, it would not be good policy for us to exchange, because every man they get back is forced right into the army at once, while that is not the case with our prisoners when we receive them.* In fact, the half of our returned prisoners will never go into the army again, and none of them will until after they have had a furlough of thirty or sixty days. Still, the fact of their suffering as they do is a reason for making this exchange as rapidly as possible.

Question. And never has been a reason for not making the exchange?

Answer. It never has. Exchanges having been suspended by reason of disagreement on the part of agents of exchange on both sides before I came in command of the armies of the United States, and it then being near the opening of the spring campaign, *I did not deem it advisable or just to the men who had to fight our battles to re-enforce the enemy with thirty or forty thousand disciplined troops at that time.* An immediate resumption of exchanges would have had that effect without giving us corresponding benefits. The suffering said to exist among our prisoners South was a powerful argument against the course pursued, and I so felt it.

We had intended to discuss fully

#### THE NEGRO QUESTION

in its bearing upon exchange of prisoners, but find that we have barely space to state it. When the war began the Federal Government distinctly declared that it had *no power and no desire to interfere with slavery in the States.* But as it progressed the slaves were not only declared free, but were enlisted as soldiers in the United States armies. The question at once arose whether the Confederate Government should recognize these captured slaves as prisoners of war, or should remand them to their masters, from whom they had been forcibly taken. The Confederates, of course, took the ground that as both the constitution of the United States and that of the Confederacy recognized slaves as the property of their owners; when these slaves were abducted and enlisted in the Federal army, their masters had a right to reclaim them whenever and wherever they could recapture them.

General Butler says that he was directed by his Government to *put forward this question offensively, in order to stop exchanges;* but

even General Butler agreed to a cartel which virtually settled, or at least postponed the question, and we have most abundant evidence that this was a mere subterfuge to *prevent exchange*.

Nor are we able at present to enter more fully into the

EFFORTS OF THE CONFEDERACY TO EFFECT AN EXCHANGE.

The mission of Vice-President A. H. Stephens, in 1863, resulted in failure, because Vicksburg and Gettysburg made the United States authorities feel that they were in a position to refuse even an audience to the "Rebel" commissioner.

General Lee's overtures to General Grant and to the Federal Government (through the United States Sanitary Commission) were equally futile; and the delegation of Andersonville prisoners, which Mr. Davis paroled to visit the President of the United States and plead for an exchange, were denied an audience, and were spurned from Washington, to carry back the sad tidings that their Government held out no hope of their release.

We have a letter from the wife of the chairman of that delegation (now dead), in which she says that her husband always said that he was *more contemptuously treated by Secretary Stanton than he ever was at Andersonville*.

We add upon this point the following letter in the *Philadelphia Times*, which was elicited by the recent discussion:

CLIFTON, PENNSYLVANIA, February 7th, 1876.

I am certainly no admirer of Jefferson Davis or the late Confederacy, but in justice to him and that the truth may be known, I would state that I was a prisoner of war for twelve months, and was in Andersonville when the delegation of prisoners spoken of by Jefferson Davis left there to plead our cause with the authorities at Washington; and nobody can tell, unless it be a shipwrecked and famished mariner, who sees a vessel approaching and then passing on without rendering the required aid, what fond hopes were raised, and how hope sickened into despair waiting for the answer that never came. In my opinion, and that of a good many others, a good part of the responsibility for the horrors of Andersonville rests with General U. S. Grant, who refused to make a fair exchange of prisoners.

HENRY M. BRENNAN,  
*Late Private Second Pennsylvania Cavalry.*



We will close our case, for the present, with the following important testimony, which should surely, of itself, be sufficient to settle this question before any fair tribunal:

LETTER OF CHIEF-JUSTICE SHEA.

The New York *Tribune* of the 24th January, 1876, publishes the following letter from Judge Shea, which was called forth by Mr. Blaine's accusations on the floor of the House of Representatives. The *Tribune* introduces the letter, with the following additional comments:

Chief-Justice George Shea, of the Marine Court, who sends us an interesting letter about Jefferson Davis, was, as is well known, the principal agent in securing the signatures of Mr. Greeley, Gerrit Smith, and others to Mr. Davis's bail bond. The essential point of his present statement is that Mr. Greeley and the other gentlemen whom he approached on that subject were unwilling to move in the matter until entirely satisfied as to Mr. Davis's freedom from the guilt of intentional cruelty to Northern prisoners at Andersonville; that Judge Shea, at the instance of Mr. Greeley and Vice-President Wilson, went to Canada to inspect the journals of the secret sessions of the Confederate Senate—documents which up to this time have never passed into the hands of our Government, or been accessible to Northern readers; that from these secret records, including numerous messages from Davis on the subject, it conclusively appeared that the Rebel Senate believed the Southern prisoners were mistreated at the North; that they were eager for retaliation, and that Davis strenuously and to the end resisted these efforts; and that he attempted to send Vice-President Stephens North to consult with President Lincoln on the subject. No more important statements than these concerning that phase of the civil war have been given to the public. They shed light upon the course of Mr. Greeley and other eminent citizens of the North; and it seems to us clear that, on many accounts, the Rebel authorities owe it to themselves and to history to give to the public the documents which Judge Shea was permitted to see. It is not likely that they will have any material effect upon the fate of Mr. Davis, or upon political questions now pending. But they are of vital consequence to any correct history of the rebellion, and their revelations, if sustaining throughout the portions submitted to Judge Shea, might do as much to promote as the late Andersonville debate did to retard the reconciliation of the sections.

*To the Editor of the Tribune:*

Sir—I apprehend no one will accuse me with having ever harbored disunion proclivities, or of any inclination toward secession heresies. But truth is truth, justice is justice, and an act of proposed magnanimity should not be impaired by both an untruth

and an injustice. The statement in the House of Representatives on Thursday last, made by General Banks during the debate on the proposed amnesty bill, was more entirely correct than, perhaps, he had reason to credit.

What I now relate are facts: Mr. Horace Greeley received a letter, dated June 22d, 1865, from Mrs. Jefferson Davis. It was written at Savannah, Georgia, where Mrs. Davis and her family were then detained under a sort of military restraint. Mr. Davis himself, recently taken prisoner, was at Fortress Monroe; and the most conspicuous special charge threatened against him by the "Bureau of Military Justice" was of guilty knowledge relating to the assassination of President Lincoln. The principal purpose of the letter was imploring Mr. Greeley to bring about a speedy trial of her husband upon that charge, and upon all other supposed cruelties that were inferred against him. A public trial was prayed that the accusations might be as publicly met, and her husband, as she insisted could be done, readily vindicated. To this letter Mr. Greeley at once forwarded an answer for Mrs. Davis, directed to the care of General Burge, commanding our military forces at Savannah. The morning of the next day Mr. Greeley came to my residence in this city, placed the letter from Mrs. Davis in my hand, saying that he could not believe the charge to be true; that aside from the enormity and want of object, it would have been impolitic in Mr. Davis, or any other leader in the Southern States, as they could not but be aware of Mr. Lincoln's naturally kind heart and his good intentions toward them all; and Mr. Greeley asked me to become professionally interested in behalf of Mr. Davis. I called to Mr. Greeley's attention that, although I was like-minded with himself as to this one view of the case, yet there was the other pending charge of cruel treatment of our Union soldiers while prisoners at Andersonville and other places, and that, unless our Government was willing to have it imputed that Wirz was convicted and his sentence of death inflicted unjustly, it could not now overlook the superior who was, at least popularly, regarded as the moving cause of those wrongs; and that if Mr. Davis had been guilty of such breach of the rules for the conduct of war in modern civilization, he was not entitled to the right of, nor to be manumitted as a mere prisoner of war. I expressed the thought that my services before a military tribunal would be of little benefit. I hesitated; but finally told Mr. Greeley that I would consult with some of our common friends, whose countenance would give strength to such an undertaking, if it was discovered to be right, and that none but Republicans and some of the radical kind were likely to be of positive aid; indeed, any other would have been injurious. It occurred to me, from recollecting conversations with Mr. Henry Wilson, the previous April, while we were together at Hilton Head, South Carolina, that if Mr. Davis were guiltless of this latter offence, an avenue might be opened for a speedy trial, or for his manumission as any other prisoner of war. I did consult with

such friends, and Mr. Henry Wilson, Governor John A. Andrew, Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, and Mr. Gerrit Smith were among them. The result was that I thereupon undertook to do whatever became feasible. Although not in strictness required to elucidate our present intent, it is, nevertheless, becoming the history of the case simply to mention that Mr. Charles O'Connor was, from the first, esteemed the most valuable man to lead for the defence by Mr. Greeley and Mr. Gerrit Smith. A Democrat of pronounced repute, still his appearance would import no partisan aspect to the great argument, and would excite no feelings but those of admiration and respect among even extreme men of opposite opinion. Public expectation looked to him, and soon after it was made known that he had already volunteered his services to Mr. Davis. Mr. O'Connor's course during the war was decided, understood, and consistent, but never offensive nor intrusive; his personal honor without reproach; his courage without fear; his learning, erudition, propriety of professional judgment conceded as most eminent.

There was a general agreement among the gentlemen of the Republican party whom I have mentioned that Mr. Davis did not, by thought or act, participate in a conspiracy against Mr. Lincoln; and none of those expressed that conviction more emphatically than Mr. Thaddeus Stevens. The single subject on which light was desired by them was concerning the treatment of our soldiers while in the hands of the enemy. The *Tribune* of May 17th, 1865, tells the real condition of feeling at that moment, and unequivocally shows that it was not favorable to Mr. Davis on this matter. At the instance of Mr. Greeley, Mr. Wilson and, as I was given to understand, of Mr. Stevens, I went to Canada the first week in January, 1866, taking Boston on my route, there to consult with Governor Andrew and others. While at Montreal, General John C. Breckinridge came from Toronto, at my request, for the purpose of giving me information. There I had placed in my possession the official archives of the Government of the Confederate States, which I read and considered—especially all those messages and other acts of the Executive with the Senate in its secret sessions concerning the care and exchange of prisoners. I found that the supposed inhuman and unwarlike treatment of their own captured soldiers by agents of our Government was a most prominent and frequent topic. That those reports current then—perhaps even to this hour—in the South were substantially incorrect is little to the practical purpose. From those documents—not made to meet the public eye, but used in secret session, and from inquiries by me of those thoroughly conversant with the state of Southern opinion at the time—it was manifest that the people of the South believed those reports to be trustworthy, and they individually, and through their representatives at Richmond, pressed upon Mr. Davis, as the Executive and as the Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy, instant recourse to active measures of retaliation, to the end that the supposed cruelties might be stayed. Mr. Davis's conduct under such urgency

and, indeed, expostulation, was a circumstance all-important in determining the probability of this charge as to himself. It was equally and decisively manifest, by the same sources of information, that Mr. Davis steadily and unflinchingly set himself in opposition to the indulgence of such demands, and declined to resort to any measure of violent retaliation. It impaired his personal influence, and brought much censure upon him from many in the South, who sincerely believed the reports spread among the people to be really true. The desire that something should be attempted from which a better care of prisoners could be secured seems to have grown so strong and prevalent that, on July 2d, 1863, Mr. Davis accepted the proffered service of Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, the Vice-President, to proceed as a military commissioner to Washington. The sole purpose of Mr. Davis in allowing that commission appears, from the said documents, which I read, to have been to place the war on the footing of such as are waged by civilized people in modern times, and to divest it of a savage character, which, it was claimed, had been impressed on it in spite of all effort and protest; and alleged instances of such savage conduct were named and averred. This project was prevented, as Mr. Stephens was denied permission by our Administration to approach Washington, and intercourse with him prohibited. On his return, after this rejected effort to produce a mutual kindness in the treatment of prisoners, Southern feeling became more unquiet on the matter than ever; yet it clearly appears that Mr. Davis would not yield to the demand for retaliation.

The evidence tending to show this to be the true condition of the case as to Mr. Davis himself was brought by me and submitted to Mr. Greeley, and in part to Mr. Wilson. The result was, these gentlemen, and those others in sympathy with them, changed their former suspicion to a favorable opinion and a friendly disposition. They were from this time kept informed of each movement as made to liberate Mr. Davis, or to compel the Government to bring the prisoner to trial. All this took place before counsel, indeed before any one acting on his behalf, was allowed to communicate with or see him.

The *Tribune* now, at once, began a series of leading editorials demanding that our Government proceed with the trial; and on January 16, 1866, incited by those editorials, Senator Howard, of Michigan, offered a joint resolution, aided by Mr. Sumner, "recommending the trial of Jefferson Davis and Clement C. Clay before a military tribunal or court-martial, for charges mentioned in the report of the Secretary of War, of March 4, 1866." It will be interesting to mention now that if a trial proceeded in this manner, I was then creditably informed, Mr. Thaddeus Stevens had volunteered as counsel for Mr. Clay.

After it had become evident that there was no immediate prospect of any trial, if any prospect at all, the counsel for Mr. Davis became anxious that their client be liberated on bail, and one of

them consulted with Mr. Greeley as to the feasibility of procuring some names as bondsmen of persons who had conspicuously opposed the war of secession. This was found quite easy; and Mr. Gerrit Smith and Commodore Vanderbilt were selected, and Mr. Greeley, in case his name should be found necessary. All this could not have been accomplished had not those gentlemen, and others in sympathy with them, been already convinced that those charges against Mr. Davis were unfounded in fact. So an application was made on June 11, 1866, to Mr. Justice Underwood, at Alexandria, Virginia, for a writ of *habeas corpus*, which, after argument, was denied, upon the ground that "Jefferson Davis was arrested under a proclamation of the President charging him with complicity in the assassination of the late President Lincoln. He has been held," says the decision, "ever since, and is now held, as a military prisoner." The *Washington Chronicle* of that date insisted that "the case is one well entitled to a trial before a military tribunal; the testimony before the Judiciary Committee of the House, all of it bearing directly, *if not conclusively*, on a certain intention to take the life of Mr. Lincoln, is a most important element in the case." This was reported as from the pen of Mr. John W. Forney, then clerk of the Senate, and is cited by me as an expression of a general tone of the press on that occasion. Then, the House of Representatives, on the motion of Mr. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, the following day passed a resolution "that it was the opinion of the House that Jefferson Davis should be held in custody as a prisoner and subject to trial according to the laws of the land." It was adopted by a vote of 105 to 19.

It is very suggestive to reflect just here that, in the intermediate time, Mr. Clement C. Clay had been discharged from imprisonment without being brought to trial on either of these charges, upon which he had been arrested, and for which arrest the \$100,000 reward had been paid.

This failure to liberate Mr. Davis would have been very discouraging to most of men; but Mr. Greeley, and those friends who were acting with him, determined to meet the issue made, promptly and sharply, and to push the Government to a trial of its prisoner, or to withdraw the charge made by its board of military justice. The point was soon sent home, and was felt. Mr. Greeley hastened back to New York, and the *Tribune* of June 12, 1866, contained, in a leader from his pen, this unmistakable demand and protest:

"How and when did Davis become a prisoner of war? He was not arrested as a public enemy, but as a felon, officially charged, in the face of the civilized world, with the foulest, most execrable guilt—that of having suborned assassins to murder President Lincoln—a crime the basest and most cowardly known to mankind. It was for this that \$100,000 was offered and paid for his arrest. And the proclamation of Andrew Johnson and William H. Seward offering this reward says his complicity with Wilkes Booth & Co. is established 'by evidence now in the Bureau of Military Justice.' So there was no need of time to hunt it up.

"It has been asserted that Davis is responsible for the death by exposure and famine of our captured soldiers; and his official position gives plausibility to the charge. Yet while Henry Wirz—a miserable wretch—a mere tool of tools—was long ago arraigned, tried, convicted, sentenced, and hanged for this crime—no charge has been officially preferred against Davis. So we presume none is to be."

The *Tribune* kept up repeating this demand during the following part of that year, and admonished the Government of the increasing absurdity of its position, not daring, seemingly, to prosecute a great criminal against whom it had officially declared it was possessed of evidence to prove that crime. On November 9th, 1866, the *Tribune* again thus emphasized this thought:

"Eighteen months have nearly elapsed since Jefferson Davis was made a State prisoner. He had previously been publicly charged by the President of the United States with conspiring to assassinate President Lincoln, and \$100,000 offered for his capture thereupon. The capture was promptly made and the money duly paid; yet, up to this hour, there has not been even an attempt made by the Government to procure an indictment on that charge. He has also been popularly, if not officially, accused of complicity in the virtual murder of Union soldiers while prisoners of war, by subjecting them to needless, inhuman exposure, privation and abuse; but no official attempt has been made to indict him on that charge. \* \* A great government may deal sternly with offenders, but not meanly; it cannot afford to seem unwilling to repair an obvious wrong."

The Government, however, continued to express its inability to proceed with the trial. Another year had passed since the capture of Mr. Davis, and now another attempt to liberate him by bail was to be made. The Government, by its conduct, having tacitly abandoned those special charges of inhumanity, a petition for a writ was to be presented, by which the prisoner might be handed over to the civil authority to answer the indictment for treason. In aid of this project, Mr. Wilson, chairman of the Committee of Military Affairs, offered in the Senate, on the 18th of March, 1867, a resolution urging the Government to proceed with the trial. The remarkable thoughts and language of that resolution were observed at the time, and necessarily caused people to infer that Mr. Wilson, at least, was not under the too common delusion that the Government really had a case on either of those two particular charges against Mr. Davis individually; and a short time after this Mr. Wilson went to Fortress Monroe and saw Mr. Davis. The visit was simply friendly, and not for any purpose relating to his liberation.

On May 14th, 1867, Mr. Davis was delivered to the civil authority; was at once admitted to bail, Mr. Greeley and Mr. Gerrit Smith going personally to Richmond, in attestation of their belief that wrong had been done to Mr. Davis in holding him so long accused



upon those charges, now abandoned, and as an expression of magnanimity toward the South. Commodore Vanderbilt, then but recently the recipient of the thanks of Congress for his superb aid to the Government during the war, was also represented there, and signed the bond through Mr. Horace F. Clark, his son-in-law, and Mr. Augustus Schell, his friend.

The apparent unwillingness of the Government to prosecute, under every incentive of pride and honor to the contrary, was accepted by those gentlemen and the others whom I have mentioned as a confirmation of the information given to me at Montreal, and of its entire accuracy.

These men—Andrew, Greeley, Smith and Wilson—have each passed from this life. The history of their efforts to bring all parts of our common country once more and abidingly into unity, peace and concord, and of Mr. Greeley's enormous sacrifice to compel justice to be done to one man, and he an enemy, should be written.

I will add a single incident tending the same way. In a consultation with Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, at his residence on Capitol Hill, at Washington, in May, 1866, he related to me how the chief of this "Military Bureau" showed him "the evidence" upon which the proclamation was issued charging Davis and Clay with complicity in the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. He said that he refused to give the thing any support, and that he told that gentleman the evidence was insufficient in itself, and incredible. I am not likely ever to forget the earnest manner in which Mr. Stevens then said to me: "Those men are no friends of mine. They are public enemies; and I would treat the South as a conquered country and settle it politically upon the policy best suited for ourselves. But I know these men, sir. They are gentlemen, and incapable of being assassins."\* Yours, faithfully,

GEORGE SHEA.

NO. 205 WEST 46TH STREET, NEW YORK, January 15, 1876.

And now it only remains that we make a brief

#### SUMMING UP

of this whole question of the treatment of prisoners during the war. We think that we have established the following points:

1. The laws of the Confederate Congress, the orders of the War Department, the regulations of the Surgeon-General, the action of our Generals in the field, and the orders of those who had the immediate charge of the prisoners, all provided that prisoners in the hands of the Confederates should be kindly treated, supplied with the same rations which our soldiers had, and cared for when sick in hospitals placed on *precisely the same footing as the hospitals for Confederate soldiers.*

\* NOTE.—This and the former statement concerning Mr. Stevens are confirmed to me by his literary executor and biographer, Hon. Mr. Dickey, of Pennsylvania.—G. S.

2. If these regulations were violated in individual instances, and if subordinates were sometimes cruel to prisoners, it was without the knowledge or consent of the Confederate Government, which always took prompt action on any case reported to them.

3. If the prisoners failed to get their full rations, and had those of inferior quality, the Confederate soldiers suffered in precisely the same way, and to the same extent, and it resulted from that system of warfare adopted by the Federal authorities, which carried desolation and ruin to every part of the South they could reach, and which in starving the Confederates into submission brought the same evils upon their own men in Southern prisons.

4. The mortality in Southern prisons (fearfully large, although *over three per cent. less than the mortality in Northern prisons*), resulted from causes beyond the control of our authorities—from epidemics, &c., which might have been avoided, or greatly mitigated, had not the Federal Government declared medicines “contraband of war”—refused the proposition of Judge Ould, that each Government should send its own surgeons with medicines, hospital stores, &c., to minister to soldiers in prison—declined his proposition to send medicines to its own men in Southern prisons, without being required to allow the Confederates the same privilege—refused to allow the Confederate Government to buy medicines for gold, tobacco or cotton, which it offered to pledge its honor should be used only for Federal prisoners in its hands—refused to exchange sick and wounded—and neglected from August to December, 1864, to accede to Judge Ould’s proposition to send transportation to Savannah and receive *without equivalent* from ten to fifteen thousand Federal prisoners, notwithstanding the fact that this offer was accompanied with a statement of the utter inability of the Confederacy to provide for these prisoners, and a detailed report of the monthly mortality at Andersonville, and that Judge Ould, again and again, urged compliance with his humane proposal.

5. We have proven, by the most unimpeachable testimony, that the sufferings of Confederate prisoners, in Northern “prison pens,” were terrible beyond description—that they were starved in a land of plenty—that they were frozen where fuel and clothing were abundant—that they suffered untold horrors for want of medicines, hospital stores and proper medical attention—that they were shot by sentinels, beaten by officers, and subjected to the most cruel punishments upon the slightest pretexts—that friends at the North were refused the privilege of clothing their nakedness or feeding

them when starving—and that these outrages were perpetrated not only with the full knowledge of, but under the orders of E. M. STANTON, U. S. SECRETARY OF WAR. We have proven these things by Federal as well as Confederate testimony.

6. We have shown that all the suffering of prisoners on both sides could have been avoided by simply carrying out the terms of the cartel, and that for the failure to do this the *Federal authorities alone* were responsible; that the Confederate Government originally proposed the cartel, and were always ready to carry it out in both letter and spirit; that the Federal authorities observed its terms only so long as it was to their interest to do so, and then repudiated their plighted faith, and proposed other terms, which were greatly to the disadvantage of the Confederates; that when the Government at Richmond agreed to accept the hard terms of exchange offered them, these were at once repudiated by the Federal authorities; that when Judge Ould agreed upon a new cartel with General Butler, Lieutenant-General Grant refused to approve it, and Mr. Stanton repudiated it; and that the policy of the Federal Government was to refuse all exchanges, while they "fired the Northern heart" by placing the whole blame upon the "Rebels," and by circulating the most heartrending stories of "Rebel barbarity" to prisoners.

If either of the above points has not been made clear to any sincere seeker after the truth, we would be most happy to produce further testimony. And we hold ourselves prepared to maintain, against all comers, *the truth of every proposition we have laid down in this discussion.* Let the calm verdict of history decide between the Confederate Government and their calumniators.

## Editorial Paragraphs.

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OUR MARCH NUMBER has excited great interest, and has received the warmest commendation from the press generally throughout the South. Some of the Northern papers have contained very kindly notices. We have seen no attempt to refute the points made; and we would esteem it a favor if our friends would forward us anything of the kind which they may observe. We have letters from leading Confederates warmly endorsing our array of documents and facts, and have reason to feel that in defending the Confederate Government from the charge of systematic cruelty to prisoners, we have rendered a service highly appreciated by our Southern people.

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OUR SUBSCRIPTION LIST is steadily increasing; but we can find room for other names, and beg our friends to help us swell the number of our readers.

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VALUABLE CONTRIBUTIONS to our archives are constantly coming in. A patriotic lady of this city (Mrs. Catharine P. Graham) has recently presented us with war files of several Richmond papers. She refused to sell them for a large price, and insisted on giving them to our Society.

John McRae, Esq., of Camden, S. C., has placed us under the highest obligations by presenting the following newspaper files:

*Charleston Courier* from May 1856 to February 1865.

*Richmond Dispatch* from April 1861 to April 1864.

*Charleston Mercury* from July 1859 to February 1865 and from November 1866 to November 1868.

*Columbia Daily Carolinian* from 1855 to October 1864.

*Charleston Daily News* and "*News and Courier*" from June 1866 to this date.

*Camden Journal* from January 1856 to this date.

*Southern Presbyterian* from June 1858 to this date.

And Dr. J. Dickson Bruns, of New Orleans, has sent us a bound volume of the *Charleston Mercury* for 1862.

We have received recently other valuable contributions, which we have not space even to mention.

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OUR PRESENT NUMBER has been delayed by causes over which we have had no control; but we think that we can promise that hereafter our Papers will appear promptly near the latter part of each month.

A CONFEDERATE ROSTER has been a desideratum exceedingly difficult to supply. The capture, or destruction, of so large a part of our records has rendered a compilation of a full and correct Roster a work of almost insuperable difficulty. We are happy to announce, however, that Colonel Charles C. Jones, Jr., of New York (formerly of Savannah), who has been for some ten years patiently at work on such a Roster, has brought his labors to a conclusion, and has generously placed his MSS. at the disposal of the Society. It shows the marks of patient and laborious investigation, and (so far as we are able to judge) is much more accurate and complete than could have been expected. We propose to begin its publication in our next number, and to have it stereotyped, and so arranged that it can be bound, when completed, into a neat volume, which will be a most valuable addition to our War History.

WE desire that each and all of our readers should keep before them the fact that there is an Association incorporated by the State of Virginia, whose trust it is to obtain funds for a monument to be erected at Richmond in memory of General Robert E. Lee. We will not offend good taste by offering a word in commendation of this effort to do honor to the great captain; we the rather assume that every reader of these Papers will gladly and promptly forward a liberal contribution to the Treasurer at Richmond. The Association is administered by a Board of Managers composed of the Governor of Virginia, the Auditor and the Treasurer. The Hon. R. M. T. Hanter is the treasurer, and Col. S. Bassett French is the secretary of the Board. Address, Richmond, Va.

THE "LEE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION," with headquarters at Lexington, Va., has been quietly working for its simple object, which is to decorate the tomb of Lee. Having secured Valentine's splendid recumbent figure of Lee—which is, beyond all question, one of the most superb works of art on the continent—they are now raising funds with which to build the *Mausoleum* which is to contain it. Surely the admirers of our great chieftain ought to supply at once the means necessary for this noble object. Send contributions to the Treasurer, C. M. Figgatt, Lexington, Virginia.

#### Book Notices.

*Cooke's Life of General R. E. Lee.* D. Appleton & Co., New York.

This book was published in 1871, and has been so long before the public that it need now receive no extended review at our hands. Colonel Cooke wields a facile pen, and his books are always *entertaining*. There are errors in the strictly Military part of this biography which a more rigid study of the official reports would have avoided; but the account given of General Lee's private character and domestic life is exceedingly pleasing and very valuable. We are glad to note that an (unintentional) injustice done to the gallant General Edward Johnson, in the account of the battle of Spotsylvania Court-

house, which appeared in a previous edition, has been corrected in the edition before us.

*A Military Biography of Stonewall Jackson.* By Colonel John Esten Cooke. With an appendix (containing an account of the Inauguration of Foley's statue), by Rev. J. Wm. Jones. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Cooke's Life of Jackson was originally published during the war, and was rewritten, and republished in 1866. The enterprising publishers have brought out a new edition with an Appendix added, which contains a full account of the Inauguration of Foley's statue, including the eloquent address of Governor Kemper, and the noble oration of Rev. Dr. Moses D. Hoge. The book is gotten up in the highest style of the printer's art, the engravings add to its attractiveness, and we hear it is meeting with a large sale.

It is to be regretted that the publishers did not give Colonel Cooke the opportunity of revising and correcting his work, for while the book is very readable, and gives some exceedingly vivid pictures of old Stonewall on his rawbone sorrel, there are important errors in the narrative which ought by all means to be corrected.

*Personal Reminiscences, Anecdotes and Letters of General R. E. Lee.* By Rev. J. Wm. Jones, D. D. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

We cannot, of course, give an unbiased judgment of this book. But we may say this, that the *letters* of General Lee, which the author was so fortunate as to secure, are among the most charming specimens of letter-writing in all the wide range of Literature, and that the view of his private, domestic, and Christian character thus given presents him to the world as one of the noblest specimens of a man with whom God ever blessed the earth. And so large a part of the book is made up of these private letters, and of the contributions of others, that even *we* may say, without impropriety, that we would be glad to see the book widely circulated—more especially as a part of every copy sold goes into the treasury of the "Lee Memorial Association" at Lexington.

We may add that the steel engravings of General Lee and Mrs. Lee in this book are the best likenesses of them we have ever seen, and that the publishers have gotten up the volume in superb style.

*General Joseph E. Johnston's Narrative.* D. Appleton & Co., New York.

General Johnston wields one of the most graceful, trenchant pens of any man who figured in the late war, and whatever difference of opinion may honestly exist concerning controverted points upon which he touches, all will desire to read this really able narrative, and to place it among the comparatively few books which one cares to preserve for future reference and study. As it has been intimated that General Johnston is now preparing a revised and enlarged edition, in which he replies to criticisms which have been made upon his Narrative, we shall look forward with interest to its appearance.

Other Book Notices are crowded out, and will be given hereafter.